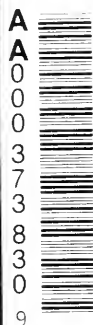


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HEART-MELODIES.

POEMS

BY

MRS. DR. LYDIA F. FOWLER.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE AUTHOR OF

"THE MASTER OF MARTON,"

IN FRIENDSHIP.

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P R E F A C E .

Having travelled extensively over Great Britain, and made personal friends in every large town, it does not seem to me to be necessary to apologise to such who will probably receive these Poems as a friendly greeting. When friend speaketh to friend, one never thinks it needful to apologise. Should these heart-utterances be welcomed, several longer poems, already commenced, will be issued hereafter. I have only one word to say to the critic whose eye may perchance rest on these Poems, and that is, I beg he will save his criticisms for a more pretentious volume.

L. F. F.

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

THE Christmas Carol—joyous, charming lay—
Tells us that the old, past year is dying ;
But yet, in the midst of all our sighing,
For fleeting time, it heralds Christmas Day.

That day when Christ in a manger lying
Long ago was found—Christ, the Light, the Way,
Who gilds the world with love's enkindling ray,
Who comforts all those on Him relying.

How can we better celebrate this morn
Than to carry gladness—sympathising—
To those who seem to lives of sorrow born ?
Even though we may be sacrificing
Our time and means, God's poor we should not scorn ;
Such good done, is good to us, disguising.

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POEMS.

REASONS FOR MY RHYMINGS.

To a friend who asked me how I was enabled to write poems.

YOU ask me how it is that I can twine
So many pleasant thoughts in flowing rhyme :
It certainly would be no task to tell
Why we can water draw from a deep well ;

Or why the gushing streams, from neighbouring hills,
Make in the valleys little sparkling rills ;
Or why the snows, heaped in the avalanche,
When loosened, by a solar breath, advance ;

Or why the liquid rays of golden light,
At sunset, in the west, make pleasant sight ;
Or why the tender blades of grass appear
To welcome us in Spring-time ev'ry year ;

Or why the genial rays of summer sun,
Ope all the pleasant flowers for us each morn.
The little spider weaves, from its own frame,
Its wondrous web, and still can spin again

A second web, if one is brushed away ;
 Or e'en a third one, a succeeding day :
 The woof and warp are drawn from life within ;
 But he must have this life, first, to begin ;

And then from nutriment, each day he gains,
 Has he the power to weave the silken chains ;
 As e'en the smallest animalculæ—
 That we require a microscope to see—

Is just as much a part of God's great plans
 As larger objects—the leviathans.
 So little spider, watching you, I take
 Your faithful work, a simile to make.

All words that burn, all lines that glow with thought,
 Have from the ardent soul their raptures caught ;
 He who would strive a living rhyme to write,
 Must from his heart the living words indite ;

For if he'd rhyme or write a poem well,
 He must from daily life a poem tell ;
 If beauty make with joy the pulses thrill,
 It then requires but very little skill

To wreathe the inner thoughts in beauteous forms,
 The same as angry clouds give birth to storms ;
 It matters not the time, the theme, the place,
 There's not a spot on earth but has some grace :

God over all has spread his canopy
 Of wond'rous glory, that makes symphony
 With all the voices that from earth do rise,
 To chant a joyful anthem to the skies,

Proclaiming that in ev'ry thing there's good
 And harmony, if we but understood
 Enough to put the language into speech,
 To utter all the lessons each will teach.

The smallest flower, or cloud that floats above,
 Declares the universal law of love :
 There's not on earth a single spot of ground,
 That does not teem with glories all around ;

There's not a point in yonder distant sky
 But bright and shining stars therein do lie :
 While some discern naught but the nearest star,
 Some see with telescopic power afar,

Can comprehend immensity of space,
 A thousand, thousand worlds therein can trace.
 But to my theme I must recur again,
 To tell why I can write a rhyming strain :

Through all my life, from childhood's early hour,
 I've felt the force of beauty's magic power.
 The mighty ocean, with Beethoven roar,
 That daily rolled around my native shore ;

The glist'ning dewdrops, fragrant flowers, to me,
 Were but the notes of one grand harmony,
 That made all nature seem a beauteous band
 Of choristers that travelled through the land,

Producing oratorios sublime,
 That thrilled through ev'ry sentient power of mine ;
 Then, like a gushing spring obliged to flow,
 When streamlets feed it, if it will or no,

My soul, so full of music all day long,
 Cannot resist the utterance of its song :
 I write what I have felt—what I have seen—
 Of places visited, where I have been—

Of dreams of glory and a world of bliss,
 Where we shall go, when we have done with this—
 As children prattle, hardly knowing why,
 So do I write, in greatest ecstacy,

Letting my pen have freedom o'er my mind,
 That glows with love to God, and to my kind :
 But may my fertile pen its cunning lose
 When I forget to feel for others' woes ;

And may the utterance of my heart be dumb
 Before it speaks in discord with the tongue—
 For none should ever write a rhyming line,
 Who have no noble sentiments to twine.

Better be silent, or express in prose,
 Unless the thought refines where'er it goes.
 Even the simplest, humblest form of verse,
 Should lofty and aspiring themes rehearse,
 Should lead each soul that reads the lines, to love
 The works of Nature first, then Nature's God.

THE LADY FERN AND THE SEA WEED.

A conversation between two specimens that Miss Rosalina had collected for her scrap-books.

A PRETTY little Lady Fern,
With plumage fresh and green,
Boasted quite loudly one bright day,
Puffed up with pride, I ween.

That save herself, nought was so fair
In all this wondrous earth,
That God had taken special care
In giving her, her birth.

Amid the greenest grass that grows,
Within the lovely dell,
Where silver streamlets ripple on,
Gently, without a swell.

That the glorious sunbeams floating
Through the clear morning air,
Gilded her waving tufts with gold,—
Her tiny tufts of hair.

That the moon's soft rays when shining
Silvered her brow at night,
When the witching fairies coming,
Danced till the morning light.

“Do not boast your noble lineage,
Vaunt not your royal blood,—
All the children of our Father
Can boast of gifts as good.”

Said a tiny bit of sea-weed,

“I, too, could tell a tale,
I delight in raging tempests,
In ocean’s fiercest gale.

“When the storm is roaring loudly,
Suggesting ocean-graves,
Then look out for ocean’s glories
With deep-sea foaming waves.

“Then I come with my dear brothers—
One, jointed, grassy green,
Cladophora Rectangularis,
Fair in her silken sheen.

“Then the pink-eyed *Nitoplyllum*,
And sweet *Plocamum* bright,
Also fairest *Esculentia*,
An olive in the light.

“There’s *Ptilota*, a bright crimson ;
Dasya, scarlet red ;
Delesseria, a contrast,
Bound with a tangled thread.

“They call me *Miss Digitata*,
Lamnaria as well,
Of my beauties and my uses
The fishermen can tell.

“Children like my bonnie ribands,
Men take me for a wand,
*Healing power is found within me,
Known in every land.

“†Merchants burn my nice brown ribbons,
 How useful then I am,
 For I furnish glass for windows
 In the house of every man.

“But here comes Miss Rosalina,
 Ask which she likes the best,
 Lady Ferns or coloured sea-weeds—
 In her decision rest.”

“My little dears,” the lady said,
 “Child of the earth and sea,
 I like you both—each one is prized—
 Equally prized by me.

Sometimes I like a flower the best,
 And then again a fern,
 I then admire my tangled weeds;
 From every gift I learn,

“How good our Heavenly Father is;
 For e’en the smallest thing
 Bears evidence of power and love,—
 Has proofs that we can bring,

“To show that all receive His care,
 Each perfect in its kind,
 Each suited to its place and sphere
 By His most perfect mind.

“Then envy not another’s bloom,
 Nor boast of virtues rare
 But be content to let all have
 Their own peculiar share.”

† Kelp burned to make glass.

THE ROMAN GENERAL AND THE FUTURE OF HIS COUNTRY.

A ROMAN gen'ral, who for many years
Had fought his country's battles without fears,
Was wandering amid the ruins grand
That make old Rome a noted classic land ;

While thinking of his country's future weal
And whether future soldiers would be leal
And have the courage requisite to fight
Loyally in the noble cause of right,

A great procession passed of vet'ran men,—
Those who had fiercely fought, and conquered, when
Rude barbarian hordes so boastful came
To weaken Roman power, to blight her name ;

They passed the ruins of the Forum old,
Where Cicero had once in strains so bold
Pled for his country's freedom, and her cause,
Explaining to the people righteous laws.

The oldest man amid that vet'ran crowd,
With a triumphant look, proclaimed aloud :
“ In view of noble deeds that have been done,
We *have* been brave, have fought, and nobly won ;

“ We can retire upon our laurels now
And bind the victor's chaplet on our brow.”
The Roman gen'ral sadly bowed his head :
He feared that soon all valour would be dead ;

That if his country had to look to these
 Who had been great, her prayer would be for peace.
 While thinking in a sad dejected mood,
 He heard the echoes of another crowd.

The sound of martial music filled the air
 As this fresh band of martial troops came near :
 The men exulted in their manhood-strength.
 "These are the troops," the Gen'ral said at length,

"On whom in future years Rome can depend ;
 These noble heroes will proud Rome defend.
 When comes the foe again with deaf'ning shout
 Then valiantly they 'll put the foe to rout ;

"For they can march all day through marsh and field,
 And while their strength remains, will never yield."
 But hark ! what is their leader's onward cry ?
 It is, "We welcome death or victory."

Proud of their iron frames, these men declare,
 "We *are* brave soldiers, let no army dare
 To meet in combat those who at this hour
 Have reached the culmination of their power.

"We think not of the distant future time,
 When strength and courage will with years decline :
 If we protect the Roman Empire *now*,
 We shall retire with laurel on our brow,

"After a few short circling suns have gone,
 When we shall feel our active work is done."
 Again the Gen'ral bowed his head and sighed,
 "These warriors may do service *now*," he cried.

“They boast their present strength, their martial fire,—
 What will become of Rome when they expire?
 Who will defend the seven-hilled city then?
 When she has lost her bravest, valiant men ?

“When liberty is trampled in the dust,
 When tyrants rule by laws that are unjust,
 When foreign foes oppress my country dear,
 Who then will take the helm, the ship to steer?

“Not those who boast no other martial pride
 Than to have power, their country now to guide ;
 For when a standard has been gained by Rome,
 A pinnacle been reached, the foe may come.

“My country, till I see a star arise,
 The star of liberty, that lit the skies
 In former days,” and know that it will set
 No more for thee, I shall be anxious yet.”

The Roman looked on ruins heaped around,
 Flowers wreathed in stone were scattered on the ground—
 Sad relics of the glory Rome had seen
 When she, among all nations, was the Queen.

While musing thus, sounds fell upon his ears,
 List’ning again, sweet martial strains he hears ;
 Lo! soon a band of noble youths draw nigh—
 They marched along as though prepared to die,

If need be, fighting at their country’s call,
 Ready to give up home, and friends, and all,
 That make our life a valuable boon,
 An earthly resting-place, temp’ral home.

These youths, enthusiastic, pressed along,
 As freely as the measures of my song :
 The warm blood dancing in their youthful veins,
 Had not been tinged as yet by selfish stains.

They loved their country with a holy zeal,
 With deep devotion, such as heroes feel ;
 They passed the Forum, that in ruins sleeps,
 When joy within the Roman's bosom creeps.

For loudly do they shout,—“ *We will be brave,*
Our country, in the future, we will save :
We'll meet a foreign foe in any fray,
Let him come now, or at a future day.”

Joyful smiles took the place of honest shame,
 In the Gen'ral's face, that lit up again
 As he thought with pride of that noble vow,
 “ *We will be brave henceforth, as well as now.*”

This is the motto ev'ry youth should take,
 Who has a standard, high in life to make ;
 Nor rest content with what to-day is done,
 But make resolves that ere to-morrow's sun
 Shall rise and set, achievements shall be seen
 Evincing progress greater than has been.

KITTY CLOVER'S CHOICE.

CHARMING Kitty Clover
 Was a little queen,
 A lass more bewitching
 Could never be seen.

The belle of the village,
 Surrounded by beaux,
 She maintained her gay court
 Wherever she chose.

Sometimes for a picnic
 In the woods she went,
 When her courtiers followed
 The missive she sent.

Sometimes on the river,
 In her boat she'd glide,
 With her gay cavaliers
 Dangling at her side.

Then on her fleet pony,
 She'd start for a race,
 Leading her companions
 By a rapid pace.

A fearless, bold rider,
 Through the fields she ran,
 Shouting, "Come friends, quickly,
 Catch me if you can."

Whispering to pony,
 She'd give him the reins :
 He'd fly as though racing
 On purpose for gains.

Kitty's mother was dead :
 Her place was supplied
 By a dear old uncle—
 Her friend and her guide.

That she might be useful,
 He wished her to learn
 To sew well, and to cook,
 To bake and to churn.

The butter she had made
 As yellow as gold,
 Was praised by her uncle,
 Who playfully told.

His dear little Kitty,
 Her smile he could see,
 Peeping from the butter
 He ate merrily.

She was a good scholar,
 A diligent lass,
 Obtained the first prizes
 Given in her class.

No wonder she was thought
 To be a coquette,
 Being constantly praised
 And always a pet.

Her Uncle was anxious
 To marry her well;
 She wished to keep single
 To reign as the belle.

“My dear little Kitty,”
 Her old Uncle said,
 “If you do not marry
 You’ll be an old maid.”

Laughing quite merrily

She said, "If I do

Then I shall be able

To take care of you."

"I like to roam freely

With liberty sweet,

To have all the young men

Sighing at my feet."

"I may die, dear Kitty,

And leave you all alone ;

My nephew might come then

And drive you from home.

"I thought when I gave him

This homestead so fine,

That to marry this lad

Your heart would incline.

"I fear you will suffer

Neglect, when I'm gone,

I wish you could marry

And get a good home.

"If I saw you happy

And living at ease,

When the last summons came

I could die in peace."

"Next week is my birth-day,

I shall be eighteen,"

Said Kitty, quite thoughtful ;

"On that day I mean

“To please you, dear Uncle,
I’ll try to decide
Who among my lovers
Shall call me his bride.”

Kitty gave out the hint
That her lovers heard,
That they would all then learn
Her decisive word.

So on her next birth-day
She saw each alone,
As they called upon her,
At her Uncle’s home.

First came a young soldier,
With clothes so fine,
The buttons upon them
With brightness did shine.

“My dear Kitty,” he said,
“If you’ll marry me
When I come from the war,
How happy I’ll be.

“When I am promoted,
As a Captain grand,
I will take you with me
All over the land.”

“No, no,” said sweet Kitty,
“I like not your trade,
I’d always be thinking
Of widows you’d made.

“When you took me with you,
 Perhaps I'd coquette
 With dashing young Colonels,—
 So go and forget,

“That you have demanded
 Miss Kitty Clover,
 To think of having you
 For her true lover!”

A wrinkled old lawyer,
 Worth his weight in gold,
 Then came pressing his claims,
 In terms very bold.

He said “I will take you
 To be my young wife,
 If you'll come to my hall,
 And cheer my sad life.”

“Oh don't you remember
 That famous old tune,
 That rigid December
 Should not wed with June?

“Go back to your mansion,
 And sit all alone,”
 Said sweet Kitty Clover,
 “I'll never come.

“I like to be flattered ;
 I like a caress ;
 But, sir, you would freeze me
 With your cold address.

“I’m young and I’m merry,
 T’will be time to sigh,
 When old and decrepid
 And ready to die.

“You cannot persuade me,
 Though you reason well ;
 I jump at conclusions,—
 How—I cannot tell.”

Then came a young Doctor,
 With pills and lotions,
 With tonics and powders,
 And all such notions.

“Ha, ha, my dear sir,
 You are too clever
 In killing and curing
 To be my lover.

“I quaff the rich sunshine,
 I chat with the thrush,
 I sing all the day long,
 And no one says hush.

“With a man who makes pills
 I can never wed ;
 ’Twould suggest the churchyard,
 A place for my head.”

Then came a young parson
 With face very long,
 He said very gravely,
 “Kitty, cease your song ;”

“ You are far too giddy
 Death soon will be nigh :
 Marry me, dear Kitty,
 I'll teach you to die.”

Kitty said, with a smile,
 “ It's to live I want ;
 So go with your preaching
 And your foolish cant

“ To a homely old soul,
 One weary of life,
 Who has drained all its joys ;
 Take such for a wife.

“ All nature rejoices,
 The streams dance along,
 They ripple so sweetly
 As they hear my song.

“ I will heed your advice
 When my eyes are dim,
 When my hair becomes grey
 And my cheeks are thin.

“ I wish not to marry
 One of your black cloth !”
 The parson was angry,
 In a rage he went off.

Then came a young earl,
 Boasting of his land,
 Of wealth, and of jewels,
 He'd give for her hand.

Kitty showed her white teeth,
 Thirty-two true pearls,
 She shook out her ringlets,
 Thirty-two brown curls.

She said "Jewels are fine
 For an empty brain;
 But yours are expensive—
 They'd give me much pain.

"Love cannot be purchased
 With jewels or gold:
 The kind that is valued
 Will never be sold."

Thus one and another
 Came trooping along,
 But Kitty kept singing
 Just the same old song.

When the day had declined,
 She dreaded to see
 The face of her uncle
 To tell the decree,

That she had decided
 To be an old maid;
 So if he'd permit her
 She'd work at some trade.

Then she could live single,
 And be happy too,
 As the little busy bee
 While sipping the dew.

Her old uncle replied,
 "I have heard of a man,
 Who seeking a straight stick
 Through the forest ran—

"He made great objections
 To all that he passed,
 But he finally took
 One crooked at last.

"So, Kitty, remember
 That your pretty face,
 Which attracts fine lovers
 By its matchless grace,

"May one day be homely ;
 For beauty will fade,
 As time that brings sunshine
 Will also bring shade."

"I will take your advice,"
 Kitty sweetly said,
 "I'll tell every lover
 I'll die an old maid."

But the very next week
 She went out to rove,
 To have a quiet walk
 In her uncle's grove.

While walking and musing
 By a running brook,
 She thought of the man
 Whose stick had a crook.

Then she thought of a friend
 She had often seen,
 And wondered if Uncle
 Could possibly mean,

To allude to this one
 By the story he told,—
 The skilful young blacksmith,
 More modest than bold.

While thinking of Harry
 He was sure to come,
 As one uninvited
 Oft does at home.

She welcomed young Harry
 So quiet and meek,
 Had him walk by her side;
 Endeav'ring to seek

To give him assurance
 With her chit-chat talk,
 As they were enjoying
 Their delightful walk.

The clouds pass unnoticed
 Very swiftly by ;
 So do sweet love-glances
 From a lady's eye.

But from the passing clouds,
 We feel the soft breeze,
 So do love-lit glances
 Bring to us peace.

How the moments glided,
 Or what Kitty said,
 Can be well imagined—
 'Twill never be read,

When twilight had gathered,
 The curtains of night,
 And the bright twinkling stars
 Shone with brilliant light.

Then two blushing lovers,
 The old uncle sought :
 Kitty frankly confessed
 How she had been caught,

In the net Cupid spread,
 By the babbling brook,
 And that she had chosen
 The stick with a crook.

That she liked it better
 Than if it were straight,
 And with it she'd enter
 The Beautiful gate.

That would happily lead
 To a loving life ;
 If uncle were willing,
 She'd be Harry's wife.

"I have long loved Harry,"
 Her uncle then said ;
 "Would prefer him to all
 My darling could wed.

“He’s steady and honest,
 Both loving and true,
 He will always remain
 Devoted to you.

“My foolish young nephew,
 Who never could swim,
 Has just lost his life
 While crossing a stream.”

He held up a letter
 That he had just read,
 Which gave him the news
 That his nephew was dead.

“I will bless your marriage,
 And when I am gone,
 You both shall inherit
 This snug little home.

“My income will suffice
 Us all very well ;
 Then name the happy day,
 And the marriage-bell,

Shall echo and echo,
 In a joyful voice,
 To all Kitty’s lovers
 Her fortunate choice.”

DEEDS OF LOVE.

The Motto over the door of Mr. Josiah Mason's Orphanage, at Erdington, is "Do deeds of love."

WHEN health is bounding through my veins
 And I am free from aches and pains,
 What recompense for blessings giv'n
 Shall I return to prove my joy?
 What tribute bring without alloy?
 "Deeds of love," says a voice from heaven.

When all my efforts bring me wealth,
 A second blessing next to health;
 And I can do whate'er I will
 How can I gratitude best show,
 For treasures lent to me below?
 "Do deeds of love," is echoed still.

When genius fills my brain with thought
 And I have power by others sought,
 To use my talents ev'ry day,
 What shall I render to my God
 For these great bounties from above?
 "Deeds of love," the bright angels say.

Each human heart that I have blessed,
 Each saddened soul that I've caressed,
 Each hungry child that I have fed,
 In this wide world so full of sin—
 So full of pain and suffering—
 Tell of the "deeds of love" I've shed.

But when I go to take my stand
 At God's tribunal, His right hand,
 In view of mercies from above,
 I shall forget all I have done—
 Shall plead the merits of His Son,
 That gift to me, God's "deed of love."

THE NIGHTINGALE, OR INSTINCT AND REASON.

ON a charming summer night,
 Just before the close of light,
 I went out to have a walk,
 Or an unobtrusive talk,

With Dame Nature, gaily dressed,
 In her robes of Spring the best,
 In a sweet delicious grove,
 One the birds were sure to love.

The fresh hawthorn's snowy wreaths
 Were fringed with such fragrant leaves,
 Green and white, and white and green,
 Everywhere were to be seen.

Such rich blossoms at my feet,
 Yielded perfumes, very sweet—
 Daffodils, and lilies white,
 Made a sweet entrancing sight.

And one gem, a kingly son,
 The royal dandelion,
 Raised for me its lovely head
 From its daisy-covered bed.

Buttercups as bright as gold,
 Condescended to unfold
 All their glories on the meads,
 Beautiful, though only weeds.

One could never feel alone
 With such friends, though out of town ;
 Then the birds did chirp and sing,
 Making heaven's arches ring,

With their voices sweet and gay,
 In that lovely month of May.
 Soon I heard a troop of boys,
 Coming with their shouting noise.

Using language rough and rude ;
 Oh how much they did intrude.
 Like a discord in a tune,
 Or a snow-storm in bright June.

One by whom the boys were led,
 Looked up boldly as he said,
 "'Tis for birds' nests that we've come ;
 For nightingales build their home,

"In thick hedges, where the May
 Shields them from the heat of day,
 Or in very shady trees,
 Where they're hid among the leaves.

"So we mean to get a lot
 Of pretty eggs, near this spot."
 While they climbed and made a noise,
 I was glad those bois'trous boys

Did not see the little nest
 Close beside my seat of rest.
 Soon the boys jumped from the tree,
 With two birds' nests and eggs three ;

Took their prize and ran along,
 Singing loudly a coarse song.
 When they'd gone, I heard a moan,—
 'Twas a tiny, little groan.

Underneath the branching tree,
 There in greatest agony,
 Was a little wounded bird—
 'Twas his moaning I had heard.

The rough boys had crushed the wing
 Of that tender, harmless thing.
 Something in his little eye
 Touched my heart's best sympathy.

"I know how to soothe your grief,"
 I cried : "I can give relief.
 I'll not leave you here alone :
 I will set your broken bone ;

"But must take you home with me.
 When you're well, I'll set you free."
 Thus I whispered to the bird,
 And he looked as if he heard.

I have worshiped in the grove,
 Little warblers I have loved ;
 But as liberty is sweet
 I have never bound their feet ;

Have preferred that they should roam
 Where they liked to find a home ;
 With what care the bone I set,
 How I nursed my little pet.

In my room I made a nest
 Where my birdie had his rest ;
 It was decked with fresh green leaves
 Gathered from his fav'rite trees.

Soon was healed his little wing
 Then the bird began to sing :
 He began to give to me
 Such rich notes of melody,

I no longer cared to go
 From this charming world below :
 Heav'n was in my little room
 With my bird of gushing song.

He was happy ev'ry day
 Trilling out his heavenly lay,
 And I soon forgot my vow
 Made beneath the arching bough.

With the first autumnal gale
 Birdie's joy began to fail ;
 Then he beat his little cage,*
 Up and down, as if in a rage.

* Professor Owen says that an experiment was tried with a nightingale that was caged like the one I describe.

Flew about for several days,
 Restless, weary, but no lays
 Sang to me, who tried in vain
 To ease my nightingale's pain.

Anxious all at once, I thought
 What it was the Birdie sought,
 Soon 'twould be the time of year
 When all Nature, dead and sere,

Seems to bid a sad farewell
 To her songsters, by her knell :
 Something in their little breasts
 Tells them how to make their nests—

Tells them when to journey South,
 And how long to tarry North :
 It was instinct told my bird,
 In a voice I had not heard,

That it was the time of year
 When his mates and children dear,
 Travelled to the orange-groves
 There to talk about their loves.

Then I made an "Eider-don"
 For my bird to lie upon ;
 Stuffed and lined his little nest,
 Saying, "Birdie, take your rest.

"When you think that you have gone
 Far enough to make your home,
 'Neath the bright Elysian skies,
 Mid the witching minstrelsies,

“Of the ever-blooming flowers
 In those southern sunny bowers ;
 Instinct is for you a guide,
 But pure reason is my pride.

“And I’ll see which will prevail,
 Whether you or I shall fail ;”
 For a week my birdie flew
 Up and down as if he knew,

He must fly so far, so long,
 Ere his autumn-tour was done ;
 Then exhausted down he lay
 On his pillow for a day ;

But no bruise or wound had he,
 Neither suffered agony,
 As I’d seen him in the spring,
 With his little broken wing.

Then, again, his happy song
 Filled my room the whole day long :
 In the winter he sang too,
 Operas so fresh and new.

I can hear their echoes still,
 Even now my senses thrill,
 As mem’ry recalls to me,
 His enchanting melody.

Frequently my heart would melt,
 As I sharp compunctions felt ;
 For instead of wand’ring free,
 Birdie was confined by me.

When the gladsome spring again
 Burst the buds and brought a train
 Of sweet beauties from the earth,
 And the flowers sprang into birth,

On a bright and sunny day,
 I let birdie fly away.
 The tears glistened in my eyes,
 I looked upward to the skies,

That I might not see him go,
 My pet, I'd worshiped so.
 "Build thy nest in yonder grove,"
 I said, "seek thy love.

"Liberty is sweet to me,—
 I will give the same to thee,
 Though I feel a little pain,
 Yet I know it is thy gain."

WORKING WOMEN.

WORKING Men's Wives, a word
 I have to say to you :
 Sometimes you do not have
 Of sympathy your due.

Yours is a weary lot,
 Your work is never done ;
 You toil from early morn
 E'en to the set of sun.

The rooms in which you live
 Are often very small,
 Dreary, dark, and dismal,
 Not fit for you at all.

Yea, many birds and beasts
 Have better homes than you ;
 Their young are better fed—
 Facts sad to know, but true.

Your husband's often spend
 Hard earnings for their drink,
 And lead a reckless life,
 Because they do not think,

Of any other joy
 Beyond the present hour ;
 But if you only knew
 What great controlling power,

To mould your husbands' minds,
 You have at your command,
 You'd make the working men
 The glory of the land.

Your tiny rooms, though small,
 With care you can keep neat—
 Can comb your children's hair,
 And keep their faces sweet—

Can wear a decent gown,
 E'en of the cheapest print—
 Can cook well, wholesome food :
 These are the sunny glints,

That make the darkest home
 A pleasant aspect wear :
 All should do what they can,
 Life's burdens help to share.

Write in letters of gold,
 STRONG DRINK WILL NEVER CURE
 The hydra-headed woes
 That some of you endure.

Taste not the cursed thing,
 But water drink instead :
 Your children then will thrive,
 By your example led.

Wives, keep your hearthstones clean,
 And make your firesides bright :
 Your husband's then may stay
 With you, at home, at night.

Good habits should begin
 The year that one is wed :
 'Tis then by loving wives
 That husbands can be led.

But while there's life, there's hope,
 And always time to mend.
 Then rouse ye, workmen's wives,
 And all your efforts blend,

Improve your lot and theirs :
 Kindness and love combined
 Will soften stubborn hearts,
 E'en though with vice they're twined.

To do the work of life,
Quite healthy you must be ;
Then learn the laws of life
In their simplicity.

Your husbands cast a vote,
And help to make the laws ;
But you've a greater power
To help along a cause :

By training sons so well,
To love the right and true,
That they in after years
Will cast their vote for you.

They'll build you better homes,
With drains, and all things nice—
For health, if lost, is not
Regained at any price.

Then, rouse ye, workmen's wives,
And all your efforts blend ;
For while there's life, there's hope,
And always time to mend.

WORKING MEN.

WORKING Men ! Working Men !
A stalwart band are ye :
As muscles to the frame
Are a necessity,

So are ye the sinews
 That help to form the State;
 The Body-Politic,
 Which never can be great,

Unless it is composed
 Of Nature's noblemen—
 A fortress strong, secure—
 Safe is the country then.

Labour is successful
 If workmen like to do
 The kind that they select,
 Which they should then pursue

With right good earnest zeal.
 That man was born to toil,
 Is plainly to be seen,
 As deep within the soil,

Great treasures are concealed,
 Which idlers never get :
 Earth's caves are full of ores
 Not half discovered yet ;

For God has given to man
 A rich and bounteous Earth ;
 Set on his brow a seal,
 To labour from his birth.

But if he labour well,
 He by that labour gains
 The treasures of the earth
 As recompense for pains.

Then, working men, rejoice,
 And honour well your trades;
 For much depends on you
 Whether your work degrades.

Your bodies should be strong,
 Free from all aches and ills :
 All working men should take
 Good food instead of pills.

You need clear, healthy brains,
 To work from morn till night :
 'Tis worse than madness, then,
 To lose your mental light,

Drinking at the Dram Shops
 Spirits which set on fire
 The noblest part of man,
 The brain, which thoughts inspire.

STRONG DRINK IS THE GREAT CURSE
 That drags down working men ;
 Robs them of their manhood,
 And of their earnings, then ;

Sends them to the workhouse,
 Poverty to their wives ;
 Brings sad desolation
 To their daily lives.

Then spend not hard-earned pence
 For foolish trifling things,
 But for substantial joys
 That real pleasure brings.

Read useful books, and learn
 The history of your land—
 The making of its laws
 Will be at your command.

Since most of you can vote,
 Which is for you a boon,
 Hasten to gain knowledge—
 Ye cannot learn too soon,

What laws are just and good ;
 For as you vote and feel,
 You'll take from or improve
 Your country's future weal.

Then, rouse ye, working men,
 A stalwart band are ye :
 As muscles to the frame
 Are a necessity,

So are ye the sinews
 That help to form the State.
 Then rouse to action, men,
 And make your country great.

LIVE FOR A PURPOSE.

“**L**ITTLE girl with flaxen hair,
 With light blue, laughing eyes,
 Tell me why you tarry here
 In this drear world of sighs ?”

“Mother dear, is very ill,
 And has to lie in bed:
 I can soothe and ease her pain,
 By bathing her weak head.

“I can play with baby, too—
 So that he makes no noise,
 When my mother wants to sleep;
 Therefore, I do rejoice,

“That I can be so useful,
 Though I am very small;
 Mother says ’tis tiny grains
 That make the mountains tall.”

“Little boy, why are you here,
 Pray tell me why you stay—
 Is your life of any use,
 Is your chief joy to play?”

“My mother is a widow,
 And she is very poor:
 I sell papers every day,
 Going from door to door.

“In this way I try to earn
 Of sixpences a few—
 These I always give to her,
 ’Tis all that I can do.

“I spend no time in playing”—
 Such a deep blush of shame,
 As he pondered o’er my words,
 Into his thin face came.

“Lady, with those bonnie curls,
 With brow as white as snow,
 Tell me, have you any aims,
 As through the world you go ?”

With a bright, radiant smile,
 She sweetly then replied,
 “’Tis not much that I can do,
 But I have daily tried

“Some downcast soul to solace
 With pleasant words of cheer,
 Knowing that words of kindness
 To saddened souls are dear.

“If every one would give
 Of love some little beams,
 This earth would soon be glowing
 With bright celestial gleams.”

“Young man, starting into life,
 Full of ambition’s fire,
 What is your impelling thought,
 Your inner, strong desire ?”

With a modest look and mien,
 The young man bowed his head,
 Then upraised his noble face
 As earnestly he said,

“I have a noble purpose,
 A high and lofty aim ;
 ’Tis to labour for the race,
 The wicked to reclaim.

“I mean to visit prisons,
 To erring men will preach ;
 I’ll go among the lowest,
 And sinners will beseech,

“To leave their evil courses,
 And choose the better way—
 With them I hope to labour,
 For their deliverance pray.”

“Mother, with your precious child,
 God to you has given,
 Tell me, what is life to you,
 What your hopes of heaven ?”

Looking at her darling babe,
 She clasped it to her breast :
 She said, “I’d like to train it
 For its eternal rest.

“This is my life’s ambition,
 This is my purpose high—
 I have no loftier aim,
 This is my destiny.

“If I fit this child for heaven,
 I’ll add another gem
 To the glist’ning coronet,
 My Saviour’s diadem.”

None should lead an aimless life,
 But seek some niche to fill,
 Some sphere of useful labour,
 And work with a good will.

Every human being
 One useful deed should do ;
 For life's not worth the living
 Unless 'tis good and true.

Then, rouse ye, friends and neighbours,
 And each resolve to plan,
 To accomplish one grand act,
 To bless your fellow man.

We read in Æsop's Fable,
 A tiny mouse once found,
 Fastened in a tangled net,
 A noble lion bound.

He quickly gnawed the meshes,
 And set the monarch free,
 Who was grateful to the mouse
 For his sweet liberty.

Even the humblest creature
 Can shed a little light :
 Our Saviour blessed the widow,
 Who gave but one small mite.

Let each in his own channel,
 Let each in his own sphere,
 Help to make a paradise
 Of earth, while he is here.

Remember time is fleeting,
 Each moment, as it flies,
 Hastens our onward progress
 To the eternal skies.

LITTLE MILLY.

I BLESSED my Heavenly Father,
 When he gave me Milly dear,
 A precious little darling,
 A jewel, my life to cheer.
 Milly's peach-like, velvet cheeks,
 Borrowed blushes from the rose ;
 Her face was full of beauty
 As the fairest flower that grows.
 Precious little Milly ! darling little Milly !
 With eyes so blue and bright, and flaxen hair so light,
 And brow so fair and white, just like the fairest lily.

So full of love was Milly,
 That, with tendrils like a vine,
 As she grew, she wound herself
 Fast about this heart of mine.
 I made the child an idol—
 “Lent for a while, but not giv'n,”
 Was never once remembered,
 Till I heard a voice from heaven.
 Precious little Milly ! darling little Milly !
 With eyes so blue and bright, and flaxen hair so light,
 And brow so fair and white, just like the fairest lily.

An angel took my Milly,
 Suddenly, one sunny day :
 She was playing all the morn,
 But by night was far away.
 Earth seemed to me a desert,

Without one bright sunny ray
 To gild the clouds that covered
 With darkness my dreary way.
 Precious little Milly ! darling little Milly !
 With eyes so blue and bright, and flaxen hair so light,
 And brow so fair and white, just like the fairest lily.

Friends tried to soothe and cheer me :
 'Twas mockery thus to tell
 A broken-hearted mother,
 That in wounding her, 'twas well.
 I felt God was a robber,
 A wealthy, powerful king,
 Who needed not my darling
 In His heavenly courts to sing.
 Precious little Milly ! darling little Milly !
 With eyes so blue and bright, and flaxen hair so light,
 And brow so fair and white, just like the fairest lily.

I could not read my Bible :
 I had no desire to pray :
 The joys of earth were blighted,
 As I stumbled on my way.
 After many weary days
 I lay dreaming all one night,
 When my darling came to me,
 Etherealised with light.
 Precious little Milly ! darling little Milly !
 With eyes so blue and bright, and flaxen hair so light,
 And brow so fair and white, just like the fairest lily.

She said—"It grieves me, mama,
 That you mourn so much for me,

For Jesus loves His children,
 Who're happy as they can be ;
 But when I knew you grieved so
 I asked him to let me come,
 To say that I'll be waiting
 To welcome you to His home."
 Precious little Milly ! darling little Milly !
 With eyes so blue and bright, and flaxen hair so light,
 And brow so fair and white, just like the fairest lily.

"Then, mama dear, must rejoice,
 That Milly is safe at rest,
 Happy to be an angel,
 In Heav'n among the blest."
 I raised my arms to clasp her :
 It awoke me from my dream ;
 But I felt a holy joy,

For of her I'd had a gleam.
 Precious little Milly ! darling little Milly !
 With eyes so blue and bright, and flaxen hair so light,
 And brow so fair and white, just like the fairest lily.

Since then I've mourned no longer
 I would not disturb her rest ;
 And now I've the heart to pray,
 And utter "All's for the best."
 I'm willing to wait His time,
 To call me to realms above,
 For there with Milly I'll spend
 An eternity of love.

Precious little Milly ! darling little Milly !
 With eyes so blue and bright, and flaxen hair so light,
 And brow so fair and white, just like the fairest lily.

TO FRIENDS WHO SENT ME SO MANY FLOWERS
THAT MY ROOM WAS LIKE A BOWER.

Y^EVE lit'rally strewn my path with flowers ;
Ye've filled in my days with rosy hours ;
Ye've flooded with sunshine my earthly way,
And made my life like a bright endless day.

Not a single cloud comes into my room
When I've flowers about me with fragrant bloom :
Roses ye have sent me of ev'ry hue—
Rare, beautiful roses, laden with dew.

Roses white, red, and pink, and fragrant tea—
Beautiful roses ye have sent to me :
As their petals withered I could not mourn,
But gently removed them, for new ones come.

All summer long I have enjoyed a feast—
A banquet at which I could say, at least,
The more we partake the more we enjoy ;
'Tis a banquet at which there is no alloy.

If I had to live on a lonely isle
I should seek flowers, my mind to beguile :
I'm never lonely with beautiful flowers ;
And my life glides on with its rosy hours.

Murillo has painted a charming gem—
The mother of Christ, with her diadem ;
All around her form can plainly be seen
Beautiful angels, adoring their queen.

I often think that the artist Divine,
 When painting His roses, delights to twine
 About them, a border of angels sweet,
 Delightful companions, fitting and meet.

And when I'm sitting alone in my room,
 With roses about me, the angels come—
 White-winged angels come, with rustling wing
 With seraphic voices they sweetly sing.

I cannot describe to another one
 The heavenly melody of their song :
 My soul, by their song, has been thrilled I know ;
 The echoes I hear wherever I go.

They have made me dream of the gates ajar,
 Leading to Paradise, near, though afar :
 My body may dwell in a world like this
 When my soul is filled with angelic bliss.

'Tis no trifling thing—the gift of a flow'r :
 To a friend who loves it, it has great pow'r ;
 For it makes one forget the cares of life,
 Brings harmony out of turmoil and strife.

And when I lie down for my last, long sleep,
 I'd not have friends come, to my grave to weep :
 If they should see roses profusely growing,
 Their tears would unconsciously stop their flowing.

They'd rejoice that when I had done with earth,
 I'd gone to the clime where roses have birth—
 Gone to the land of perennial flowers,
 T' inhale their fragrance 'mid immortal bowers.

Then lovely roses are all that I crave—
 More than a monument—over my grave ;
 Sweet roses planted by a loving hand,
 Even if I die in a foreign land.

ROMAN MOSAICS.

A man in a splendid palace,
 Was making a work of art ;
 But he used no paints or brushes,
 Or aught that is deemed a part—

An essential part of painting,
 By artists every where ;
 Yet he copied a splendid Claude,
 That was standing by his chair.

He wrought a most truthful picture,
 A beautiful Roman view,
 By using the tiniest bits
 Of stones of a varied hue.

So well he combined the colours
 In the trees and purple sky—
 So well he built the old castle—
 You'd have thought that Claude was nigh.

Directing with inspiration
 This artist's wonderful hand,
 As he wedged the bits, Mosaic,
 To look like the Roman land,

And the Roman sky in grandeur,
 With Amethyst floods of light,
 And the golden gates of heaven,
 A grand and glorious sight.

With rapture I watched this sunset,
 The clouds of Tyrian blue,
 Till all about me seemed breathing
 Those tints of a brilliant hue.

I saw in a Roman hovel,
 On another sunny day;
 A mother using mosaics,—
 But these were not made of clay.

She had no copy before her,
 And the bits she used were quaint ;
 She had no brushes or easel,
 Neither had knowledge of paint.

One bit, a pretty blue ribband ;
 Another, a tiny shoe ;
 In her lap, a golden ringlet,
 Which glistened, with falling dew.

The mother had just been weeping—
 Grieving for her darling boy,
 Whom the Lord had lent, but taken—
 Her only idol and joy.

By and by, her tears restraining,
 She took up the golden lock,
 When sweetly her smiles returning,
 She shook out his little frock.

Little shoes and dainty stockings
 Bore the marks of chubby feet :
 One could almost hear them patter,
 Walking up and down the street.

Then two precious bits of coral
 Clasped she in each tiny sleeve ;
 Pinned the blue sash for a waistband,
 Fancy helping her to weave

A charming Roman Mosaic.
 As she heard me breathe a sigh,
 She whispered, " He was so lovely,
 With his soul-lit, deep-blue eye.

" His curling hair was so golden—
 His face was so like a saint—
 If I were only an artist,
 For you, my darling, I'd paint."

" Roman mother, I can see him,
 With his little pinafore ;
 You have drawn him to perfection,
 Walking up and down the floor.

" I can see his Roman profile ;
 I can see his laughing face ;
 I can see his dimpled fingers,
 And his winning, witching grace.

" Do not grieve, for I behold him,
 With the spirit's keener eye,
 Safely landed in the haven
 We shall enter by and by.

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“Roman mother, I have wandered
 (Having for high art a love)
 Everywhere, to see the masters
 Who have pow’r the soul to move.

“He’s the greatest, grandest artist
 Who can make us deeply feel ;
 If he paints or moulds mosaics,
 Or engraves his thoughts in steel.

“I have gazed with admiration
 On the paintings Raffaele left,
 But with joy shall ever treasure
 Efforts of your soul bereft.

“You have moved my inner feelings ;
 You have deeply touched my heart ;
 You have made a sweet Mosaic,
 And are master of that art.”

THE BIRD’S NEST.

When in Wolverhampton, a Lady said to me, “Come and see my ‘Bird’s Nest’: I have sixteen birds in it, that I feed and clothe.” “How do you feed and clothe them?” I asked. She replied, “By faith.”

“**I** HAVE a bird’s nest, that you’d like to see,”
 A philanthropic lady said to me ;
 “Sixteen birds live within the little nest.
 These sixteen birds there nightly take their rest ;
 These sixteen birds are by me daily fed,
 On simple nutriment and oatmeal bread ;
 These sixteen birds are clothed within the fold,
 Are shielded and protected from the cold.

I have but little means ; by Faith I live,
 And give unto the birds all that I receive ;
 But should my means begin to fail, I know
 To whom in supplication I can go.
 I have a Friend, who is a Friend in need,
 And such a one, is truly one indeed :
 He owns the sheep upon a thousand hills ;
 And mighty oceans with his raindrops fills ;
 The bowels of the earth He lines with gems,
 Enough for coronets and diadems,
 To glisten on the heads of ev'ry queen,
 And ev'ry king that may be or have been.
 These are as grains of dust on the sea-shore,
 Compared to what is His, for evermore.
 This Friend has said, " Ask and you shall receive : "
 The blessings you desire, I'll freely give.
 I never yet have wanted food, to feed
 These birds of mine, who sometimes eat indeed,
 So much, they eat me out of house and home,
 (As the old saying is) that want would come ;
 Unless the Friend who gives us heavenly food,
 Had sent me friends who had been very good.
 This is the way in which he blesses me :
 He fills the hearts of those with sympathy—
 Those to whom he has freely lent on earth
 Great wealth, to be lent out where there's a dearth.
 God gives to them—they give in turn to me—
 Uniting thus, time and eternity ;
 These earthly friends have generously bestowed
 Many rich favours, feeling that they owed
 A debt of gratitude to God in Heaven,

For all the wealth that He to them has given.

* * * * *

I went to see this humble little nest,
 Filled with those sixteen birds so doubly blest :
 I found that they were cared for, daily fed,
 Nourished with earthly and with heavenly bread.
 I might as well explain the facts just here,—
 Those sixteen birds are Orphan Children, dear—
 Children bereft of parents and their home,
 Drifting upon the world and all alone.
 I might as well say why I write these lines,
 And coin my earnest thoughts in measured rhymes :
 Determining a long, long time ago,
 To lead a useful life, in faith to sow
 The seeds of love and truth where'er I went,
 To fire such barbed arrows, that if sent
 Skilfully and trustfully, they would reach
 E'en stony and rebellious hearts, and teach
 A doctrine some prefer not to believe—
 'Tis better far to give than to receive—
 I felt constrained to use my faithful bow
 To fire an arrow, that will reach I know.
 An angel bright attends me everywhere,
 Tells me just what to do, now here, now there :
 Sometimes it bids me talk, then teach, then write,
 In prose or rhyme, true loving words indite.
 ('Tis such an angel that will go with all
 Who seek his presence with an earnest call.)
 This angel in a loud and startling voice
 Impressed my soul so that I had no choice
 But write some stirring, loving words, to plead

For orphan children, destitute indeed ;
 Especially for those within the nest,
 And then for those who there will seek to rest ;
 For soon as others, just as needy, come,
 This nest must be enlarged to give them room.
 There must be some one who has means to give
 A larger nest in which these birds may live ;
 For God has whispered in my list'ning ear
 This line—" *Write earnestly without a fear.*"
 Plead that some wealthy Christian shall bestow
 The means to build a Christian home below,
 To house these needy, homeless orphans, poor,
 Who otherwise would beg from door to door ;
 Perhaps become rude vagrants in the town,
 Prowling in rags and roaming up and down.
 Why should I plead for those I shall not see ?
 What matters it if they neglected be ?
 It is because I never stop to think,
 When one is thirsty and would like to drink,
 Whether the child be Roman, Jew, or Greek :
 It is enough that those in want do seek
 A common blessing, that I can impart,
 Urged by the promptings of my loving heart—
 Promptings that bid me ever to pursue
 With all my might whate'er there is to do.
 I trust this humble missive then may find
 Some wealthy Christian, with a willing mind,
 Who'll lend from stores that God to him has given,
 Which, hoarded, he can never take to heaven ;
 And rest assured, the good we do below
 Makes heaven begin on earth before we go.

A GARLAND FOR A POET.

I WOULD twine for you a garland of flowers,
 Poet of Nature, from fairy bowers ;
 I would not gather blossoms rich and rare,
 That grow by culture in a rich parterre.
 No gaudy flowerets would I care to twine,
 Neither exotics for a wreath of thine ;
 I would gather the sweetest flowers of Spring ;
 Hyacinths, jonquils, and lilies I'd bring ;
 I would gather violets, blue and white,
 Primroses blooming in the morning-light ;
 I'd cull the buds of the sweet briar-rose,
 The mignonette-cups that with perfume glows,
 The dear little mosses kissed by the sun,
 When he wakes them from slumber each bright morn ;
 Delicate lichens found but in a glen,
 Removed far away from the haunts of men :
 These flowers are mostly under angels' care,
 Will make a fit wreath for the poet's hair :
 I would bind these flow'rs on a laurel spray,
 Twining with them a few blossoms of May :
 I would add no gems to this floral wreath,
 Unless they were crystals, the dewdrops breath.
 Why I would seek Nature's simple wild flowers,
 Is that they'd remind you of sunny hours,
 In which you've communed with angels I ween,
 When walking beside the clear silvan stream ;
 Or they would recall some resplendent night,
 When you have enjoyed the moon's silver light,
 And heard with rapture the voices of love,
 The echoes of Nature in ev'ry grove.

JESSIE'S DREAM, OR THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

A Letter was published in *Le Pays Journal*, dated, Calcutta, Oct. 8th, 1857, by a French Physician, M. De Bauvrenoi, in the service of Mussur Rajah, in which he gives the experience of a lady, the wife of a Colonel. This lady was the friend of Jessie Brown, the subject of the following Poem.

FIERCELY raged the deadly battle,
 The green fields with blood were stained;
 Loud the stern foes cannon sounded,
 Notes of victory they claimed.

The brave soldiers were despairing,
 Not a ray of hope had they,
 For the foe was gaining slowly,
 And must vanquish them that day.

Further efforts were quite useless,
 Thus the engineers had said,
 To resist that mighty squadron,
 With their troops—so many dead.

All the soldiers knew, however,
 That to retreat, meant to die
 By slow torture, for no mercy
 Would be shown them by and by.

The soldiers' wives were like angels
 Of pure mercy in disguise;
 Never said a word complaining,
 But still wore a smiling guise,

As they carried cups of coffee,
 Smoking hot, and bread to eat,
 To half-famished, dying soldiers,
 Showing woman's love so sweet.

One among them came from Scotland,
 With a Scotch name, Jessie Brown :
 Her good husband was a corporal,
 Liked by all the men in town.

Jessie's strength had been declining,
 For a few days, very fast ;
 And to all it was apparent,
 Her sweet life could not long last.

On this day she seemed uneasy,
 And the fever raged quite high ;
 She was restless, and excitement
 Fairly sparkled in her eye.

Frequently her mind had wandered
 To her early childhood's home,
 Where she saw, around the hearthstone,
 All the dearly-loved ones come.

Soon she sank down, faint and weary,
 In her plaid, upon the ground ;
 Very soon she was unconscious,
 Hearing not a mortal sound.

"When your father comes from ploughing,
 I will wake you," her friend said,
 In whose lap she had been resting
 Her sad, weary, aching head.

Both friends soon were sleeping deeply,
 Both fatigued, upon the ground,
 Undisturbed by the loud canon,
 Quite accustomed to the sound.

From her sleep fair Jessie started,
 With a loud and piercing scream,
 Gazing wildly all around her,
 "Soon," she cried, "I've had a dream.

"List ! dinna hear the joyful sound ?
 Sure the 'Slogans' coming here :
 Thank the Lord, they've come to save us—
 Save us, with companions dear."

"Jessie, tell me, darling Jessie,
 It was only but a gleam
 Of the rescue that we've prayed for—
 Oh, I fear 'twas but a dream.

"Do not raise a false impression,"
 Her friend said ; "do not excite
 Soldiers now so very anxious—
 Let them die in this last fight."

Jessie would not heed her warning,
 Quickly, everywhere she ran,
 Crying, "Courage, courage, courage !
 Hold out bravely, man to man !

"Help has come quite unexpected ;
 Hark, 'the Slogans' welcome cry !
 Praise the Lord, He's sent deliverance—
 Sweet deliverance is nigh ! "

For a moment there was kindled
 In each manly soldier's breast
 Such a wild, deep thrill of gladness,
 That they did not wish to rest.

E'en though faint and very weary,
 "On to battle!" was their cry.
 "Let us make another effort :
 We will conquer foes or die ?"

Then they listened for the signal
 Jessie said she plainly heard :
 It was but the victor's canon,
 Or, perhaps, an Indian bird.

Then there came a great reaction :
 Women's wailings filled the air;
 Men dejected, broken hearted,
 Yielded to a dark despair.

Very bitter was their language,
 When they felt they'd been deceived
 By a woman's insane ravings,
 And how deeply then they grieved ;

For fond memory had gathered
 Remembrances of former days,
 When glimmerings of their hearthstones
 Came to them like sunny rays.

Now they'd never see the absent,
 Those they loved so well at home,
 Ignis fatuus! those Scotchmen!
 Surely they would never come.

Jessie did not mind their wailings,
 Still repeated every word,
 In spite of all their imprecations,
 "'Twas 'the Slogan' that I heard."

Then she sank again exhausted,
 On the ground, so very weak ;
 Soon she rose, her strength returning,
 Uttering a piercing shriek.

“Courage ! warriors—soldiers—courage !
 I have heard the joyful cry ;
 Will ye noo believe me, soldiers,
 When I say ye shall not die ?”

With the greatest agitation
 Jessie cried, “Say, don’t ye hear ?
 Just in time, ‘The Campbells Comin’ ’—
 List the pibroch—do not fear.”

Once again was joy enkindled—
 Tears were wiped from every eye—
 Hearts were bursting with their anguish—
 Now they felt they should not die.

For, indeed, the bagpipes’ whistle
 Faintly, from yon distant hill,
 Came in echoes up the valley,
 Sharply sending notes so shrill.

Gradually, as in the morning,
 Sunbeams bring their pleasant light,
 Chase away the gloomy darkness
 Of the old departing night,

So these joyful strains of music,
 As they loud and louder grew,
 Dissipated all their sadness
 As the news, like lightning, flew,

That 'the Slogan' was approaching,
 That fresh help was very near ;
 That the Scottish bands advancing
 Soon would dissipate their fear.

From the English band resounded,
 Joyfully, "God save the Queen,"
 To welcome those who came to help them,
 Now quite plainly to be seen.

Hill and valley caught the echoes
 'Mid the cannons roaring sound ;
 E'en the clouds burst forth rejoicing,
 Joy did everywhere abound.

When the Scotchmen heard the bugle—
 The pealing drum and fife—
 Their hearts were full of wild emotion ;
 They had come to save the life,

Of soldiers in this fiercest battle,
 Some perhaps they had not seen,
 Yet were subjects, loyal subjects,
 Of their own beloved Queen.

Then they answered with their bagpipes,
 "Should auld acquaintances be forgot ?"
 This enkindled martial valour
 On that memorable spot.

Sometimes there are blissful moments,
 When the soul overflows with love,
 When all Nature sings thanksgivings
 In unison with souls above.

In the midst of their rejoicing,
 "Praise the Lord for Jessie's dream,"
 Cry the soldiers and the women,
 "'Twas the Lord who gave the gleam"

"Of His Providence so timely :
 Soon, alas, we had been slain,
 But He sent His angel hither—
 All of us should praise His Name."

"'Twas the Lord," said Jessie faintly,
 "Praise the Lord for evermore ;
 Praise Him, soldiers ; praise Him, women :
 I shall find Him on the shore

"Where I'm going, for I'm weary,
 And would rest my aching head,
 In my Heavenly Father's mansions"—
 'Twas the last sweet Jessie said.

Then they gathered closely round her,
 To arouse the sleeping one :
 'Twas in vain, they could not wake her—
 Jessie's earthly work was done.

All their weeping could not bring her
 Back from mansions of the blest :
 Faithfully she'd done her duty :
 All rejoiced she'd gone to rest.

MY ISLAND HOME.*

THERE'S a precious little island—'tis far beyond the sea :
 The memory of that island is very dear to me.
 I have roamed in distant countries—travelled many a mile—
 Yet oft returned in memory to that dear sea-girt isle.

It was there I spent my childhood, and all my sunny youth :
 It was there I learned to treasure the sacred word of Truth ;
 It was there my early school-days (haleyon days to me)
 Glided away so rapidly, and yet so happily.

It was with ardent zeal I studied the fav'rite classic page,
 Devoured my school-books with delight, e'en at an early age :
 I learned when but a little child, at that dear island-home,
 The history of old England, of France, and ancient Rome ;

And when I trod in after-life, those grand old classic lands
 As familiar have they appeared as if I'd trod their strands ;
 For quite often had I seen them during my childhood's dreams,
 As visions of my wanderings came to me in bright gleams.

It was there I often beheld, on a clear, starry night,
 The glorious constellations with telescopic light,
 Saturn's wondrous, luminous belts, the mountains of the moon,
 And among the other planets, Mercury, gone so soon.

Tw'as oft upon the island-cliffs, I rambled when a child,
 And gazed upon the ocean grand, with dashing waves so wild ;
 As the twilight gathered round me, at the dying of day,
 Bright visions often filled my mind, of all my future way.

* Nantucket, in Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Shadows oft are seen, it is said, before events do come :
 I saw the shadows of my life, at my earliest home ;
 I dreamed of fields of usefulness, that I should surely find ;
 For to work for others' welfare was stamped upon my mind.

I remember well when sitting, low at my mother's knee,
 How she spoke of noble women* whom she had been to see ;
 Excellent women, too, they were, who travelled everywhere
 To scatter the seeds of knowledge, free as the mountain air.

I longed to be a woman, too ; to do as they had done :
 Among my childish purposes, this was a special one—
 That the instruction I had gained, with such intense delight,
 I would freely give to others who thirsted for the light.

That if I ever roamed abroad, I'd try to do my part—
 To bring warm rays of sunshine to every human heart
 That might perchance come near to me : 'tis little we can do ;
 Hence, that little we should always diligently pursue.

For one thing that sea-girt island deserves the name of
 Queen,

In this 'tis far above the towns that I have ever seen
 In foreign continental lands, where ignorance abounds
 Among the common class of folks that live within their towns.

For every island-child can learn to write, and spell, and read,
 Without expense, in public schools, that are good schools
 indeed ;

In literary attainments, that island of the sea
 Is the Athens of the region, long may it ever be.

* English friends who came to America on a mission to preach.

Its sons and daughters may depart, and travel o'er the earth,
 Their island-home they'll not forget, the isle that gave them
 birth,

As the native soil is fertile, in which the acorn lies,
 So will grow the umbrageous oak, with branches to the skies.

As is the earliest bias, that the young child receives,
 So will an influence be given that never, never leaves
 That child : where'er his destiny may send him forth to roam,
 His heart will ever bear the seal stamped at his childhood's
 home.

If I have led a useful life, and good to others done,
 If I have lived with noble aims, the motive-power has come
 From the strong impress I received, at my dear island-home,
 Before I ever ventured forth in the wide world to roam.

As children think with gratitude of mothers very kind,
 Who hold them by the cords of love which they know how
 to bind;

So of that isle I love to think, that isle beyond the sea,
 For the memory of that isle is very dear to me.

THE HEADLESS CROSS, OR MARKET-STONE.

There is, in the neighbourhood of the Arboretum, in Derby, Derbyshire, a large stone, and on the brass plate inserted in the stone there is the following inscription :—

“This stone formed part of an ancient cross that stood at the upper end of Friargate, and was used by the inhabitants of Derby as a market-stone during the visitation of the Plague in 1665. It is thus described by Hutton in his *History of Derby*. ‘In 1665 Derby was again visited by the Plague, at the same time in which London fell under the calamity. The town was forsaken, the farmers declined to visit the market-place, and grass grew upon that spot were the actual necessities of life had been sold. To prevent a famine, the inhabitants erected, at the top of Nun’s Green, a little way out of the town, one or two hundred yards from the buildings now Friargate, what bore the name of the Headless Cross, consisting of four quadrangular steps, covered in the centre with one large stone, the whole being nearly five feet high. Here the market people, with tobacco in their mouths as a preservative, brought their provisions, stood at a distance from their property, and at a greater distance from the townspeople with whom they were to traffic. The buyer could not touch any article before it was purchased, but when the agreement was finished, he took the goods and deposited the money in a vessel filled with vinegar, set for that purpose. A confidence, raised by necessity, existed between the buyer and seller which never arose before nor since, as the buyer could not examine his purchase nor the seller the money.”

THE fairest vale in England,
 Nestled among the hills,
 Regal in Nature’s beauties,
 Fed by the sparkling rills,
 Had once a visitation,
 That reigned throughout the place :
 The plague in desolation
 Stared mortals in the face.
 ’Twas two hundred years ago,
 When sanitary laws—
 From ignorance neglected,
 Or from some other cause—

Were very little heeded,
 So that contagion dire,
 When once it got a foothold,
 Spread like a raging fire.

The sounds of bitter wailings
 Rose in the midnight air,
 For there were people dying—
 Yea, dying everywhere—

The old men in their glory,
 The young men in their prime,
 Fair maidens in their beauty,
 Children in their spring-time,

Brides standing at the altar
 And fondly plighting love,
 Young mothers with their infants
 Were quickly called above ;

The boys when playing marbles,
 In and about the town,
 Amid their joyous frolics,
 Quite suddenly dropped down ;

Men at their daily labour,
 When coining sweat for bread,
 The preacher in the pulpit,
 Alike by night were dead.

Scarcely had life departed
 Before they took away
 The shrines that had been worshiped,
 Without the least delay.

No fun'ral rites were chanted
 Over the honoured dead,
 No perfumed incense wasted ;
 Short were the prayers then said.

Anon another evil
 Threatened that peaceful vale—
 Soon famine or starvation
 Would swell the fearful tale,

For e'en the few survivors,
 With agonising sigh,
 Daily bemoaned their anguish
 Half-famished, wished to die.

Grass grew in the market-place,
 And in the public street,
 Where terror-stricken farmers
 Formerly used to meet.

They brought no more provisions,
 No ravens came to feed,
 No manna rained from heaven
 For these stricken ones indeed.

As flowers send out their perfume,
 When crushed beneath the feet,
 So hearts when wrung with anguish,
 Give strains of mercy sweet.

At length, touched by compassion,
 A compromise was made
 Between the starving people,
 And farmers still afraid

Of the contamination
 That intercourse would bring,
 With those who had been smitten
 By the death-angel's wing.

Then the people raised a cross,
 A "headless cross" on high ;
 They set it up in Friargate,
 Promised to come not nigh,

Farmers who should deposite
 From out their country-home,
 Provisions fresh and ample,
 For future time to come.

The farmers laid provisions
 Upon this "headless stone,"
 Trusting to get full payment,
 To honesty alone.

The buyers dropped their money
 Within an earthen dish
 Filled with strongest vinegar,
 And took what they might wish.

Thus the greatest confidence
 Each one had to evince ;
 Never such was seen before,
 And never has been since.

Farmers could not examine
 The money that was paid ;
 People took the farmers' word
 When they provisions laid

On this sacred monument—

This famous “headless cross”;

Yet honesty prevailed there,

And no one met with loss.

Thus this “headless cross” proclaimed

To ev’ry passer-by

How pure faith reigned there supreme,

And brought sweet sympathy.

Among the facts well-attested,

In records of the town,

Those that are above described

Are strictly noted down.

There’s a relic of this cross

Preserved e’en to this day,

Kept in the Arboretum,

Which all can there survey.

And should the town of Derby,

In its future career,

Wish to be a model town,

The fact is very clear,

That a rare, noble standard,

Might by them be attained,

If they would but practice faith,

Like that for which they’re famed.

This bright earth on which we dwell,

Might be a joyous place,

If trusting love reigned supreme,

A truly heavenly grace.

We should not wait for famine,
 For pestilence, to rage ;
 Life should have sweet sympathy
 Inscribed on ev'ry page.

MY HAPPY SONG.

I HEAR angel-voices,
 The whole day long,
 So I'm ever singing
 A happy song.

Singing when I'm working,
 When I'm at rest,
 Singing when I'm thinking
 "All's for the best."

I drive all thoughts away
 That make me sad,
 So my heart is sunny,
 And always glad.

The white-winged angels come
 So near to me,
 That I almost fancy
 That I can see,

Their radiant faces,
 As they float by,
 In the liquid sapphire
 Of yonder sky.

This is what they whisper,
 In earnest voice;
 Work with faith—keep working—
 Ever rejoice.

Do not think of reaping
 All that you sow;
 For the tares and the wheat
 Ever do grow,

So closely together
 On the same farm,
 That frequently the tares
 Will do great harm

By their choking the wheat.
 Yet once again
 The good farmer will sow
 The fruitful grain.

We find on the sea-shore,
 Driven by tide,
 Most beautiful mosses,
 Close by the side,

Of Ocean's rare treasures,
 Covered with sand—
 The pearls from her bosom
 Sent to dry land.

We must gather quickly
 These gems so rare,
 If we would preserve them
 As relics fair ;

For the tide, returning,
 Will sweep away
 The gems of the ocean,
 That never stay.

Merely, for man's pleasure ;
 Tides never wait ;
 They teach us to study
 Decrees of fate.

Though the rose has its thorn
 And a sharp sting,
 I like the rich perfume
 Its petals bring.

I regard not the thorn,
 But pluck the rose,
 To wear on my bosom,
 Where no thorn grows.

The sunshine and shadow,
 Creeping along,
 Are like the sharps and flats
 Of my bright song.

If I look for shadows,
 They're quickly found,
 They are strewn all about,
 On ev'ry ground.

I see not the shadows,
 But golden gleams
 Of radiant day-light,
 The bright sunbeams.

When I eat the honey
 Made by the bee,
 I need not keep thinking
 He can sting me.

I need not be gloomy
 In the dark night,
 Though the stars are obscured,
 Quite out of sight.

I think of the coming
 Of the bright morn ;
 Light scatters the darkness
 From the green lawn.

When winter is dreary,
 And the fierce gale
 Is sighing around me,
 With saddest wail.

When the flowers are frozen,
 And hedges dead—
 When the trees are mourning
 Their leaves all fled—

I will think of the Spring,
 With her sweet May,
 Her thousands of flowers,
 Her garlands gay,

Her trees white with blossoms,
 Her hawthorn sweet,
 The fair yellow cowslips
 Low at our feet,

The gorgeous pink chestnut
 The mountain ash,
 The fresh ivy twining
 Nature's broad sash,

To tie up her golden
 Robes that are new,
 Her sprays and her tendrils,
 Sparkling with dew.

Her dells and her copses
 With the sweet song
 Of her warblers resound
 All the day long.

There's a silver lining
 To ev'ry cloud,
 There is a bright emblem
 With ev'ry shroud :

It speaks of enjoyment,
 Of quiet rest,
 With our Heavenly Father,
 All for the best.

If I see not the fruits
 Of my toil here,
 My labors will fit me
 For the better sphere.

I'll list to the angels
 The whole day long,
 Will ever keep singing
 My happy song.

THE POOR DAILY GOVERNESS.

"A clerk in a city bank died and left his family destitute. One and another found situations as governesses. The youngest, a young girl of seventeen, remained at home till obliged to seek her bread. She became a daily governess, walked four miles to her work every day, and home again, and ate nothing all day. She gradually lost her strength ; became insane, crying, "Mother, my brain is gone !" Kindness came too late : she died in an insane asylum."

O PEN gently the turf, and lay her in,
 Only a governess,—that was her sin ;
 Only a governess—let her have rest,
 There is plenty of room among the blest.
 The earth is too full for genuine worth,
 Let her find a place where angels have birth.

Had her father lived, the world would have smiled,
 Petted and flattered his sensitive child ;
 But her father died, then came her sad fate ;
 'Tis almost too sad for me to relate :
 She excelled in painting, could draw and sing,
 Warble as sweetly as bird on the wing.

But her father died, and left to his heirs
 Talent and poverty, oft found in pairs ;
 Then the ghoul of want—a dark spectre—came,
 Seen oft by poets and children of fame ;
 Her mother grew ill, and they needed bread,
 Simply because her dear father was dead.

Terrible death-angel, why did you come
 To blight and to sorrow this happy home?
 Eager to labour for her mother dear,
 She wearily waited, hoping to hear
 Of a good position, where, in return
 For efforts given, she could honestly earn

Food, to keep soul and body together,
 Both for herself and her feeble mother.
 "Where there's a will, there is always a way"
 Is a proverb fine, when sung in a lay,
 But not always true when poverty's near;
 Somehow the wealthy the poor seldom cheer:

Those guests are bidden to the feast to come
 Who sumptuously dine at their own home;
 While the needy may freeze and starve alone,
 And be thankful to get even a bone.
 This girl was anxious and willing to be
 A faithful teacher, as we shall soon see:

She found employment four miles from her home,
 As governess to a lady in town.
 The hot sun parched the waving grass;
 It withered the brain of this gentle lass:
 She walked in the morning, through the hot sun,
 And walked home at night, when her work was done.

All the day long she toiled on without food,
 That talented girl, so clever and good;
 All the day long she worked hard with her brain,
 Wearily worked, 'till she became insane;
 Then she sat all the day moaning at home,
 Crying, "Dear mother, my poor brain is gone."

And when, no longer she'd power to control
 The outward ravings of her-weary soul,
 Among the insane was kindly received,
 Where the Doctors hoped, nay vainly believed,
 That care and attention would seat again
 That rare-gifted mind upon its right throne.

The fragrant rose blooms the whole summer through,
 Shedding its perfume 'mid the morning dew ;
 We may break a branchlet, another grows,
 While its life remains, as ev'ryone knows ;
 But if thirst should destroy its healthy root,
 It will never send forth another shoot.

Its buds will wither, it will hang its head,
 When the morning dawns we shall find it dead ;
 In vain we may water it ev'ry hour,
 For a deadened root no more has the power
 To revive again—it goes back to dust,
 In obedience to laws, laws so just.

The same laws hold true with the human frame—
 When we break a law we suffer the same.
 We can cure some ills to which flesh is heir ;
 But if the brain-power depart, all the care
 Of nurses, and surgeons, and kindest friends
 Will never condone nor make amends

For injuries given to the tender brain ;
 And hunger continued will soon inflame
 That fine dome of thought, that soul-palace rare,
 Which should always receive our greatest care.
 After enduring weary days of pain
 This girl was restored to her health again.

A physician brought her a healing balm
 That he found in Gilead, which did calm
 The insane ragings of that girl forlorn,
 Who had cried "Mother, my poor brain is gone :"
 As she felt His heavenly soothing power,
 Her pain departed from that blessed hour.

Her chastened spirit left her weary brain,
 To go back with Jesus to God again.
 Though a poor governess, she'll not want bread ;
 With precious manna her soul will be fed.
 They laid her body by her father's side,
 Under the green turf, in peace to abide.

There were only a few poor mourners came
 To weep at the grave of this girl insane.
 It is mournful indeed for us to think
 That this gifted girl wanted food and drink
 In this plentiful world, where stores abound,
 And great wealth is springing up around

But her earthly sorrows are now all o'er,
 For never again will she want food more :
 While we may weep at her untimely end,
 Emotions of joy with sorrow will blend :
 Though but a governess, she has found rest
 In mansions of God—the home of the blest.

THE YOUNG RULER.

Luke xviii., 18th to 26th verse.

“WHAT shall I do, dear Lord,
To get eternal life ? ”

Said a ruler weary
Of the unceasing strife,

Between flesh and spirit,
Each, anxious for the goal,
Contending in the race
’Tween body and the soul.

“I’ve loved Thee from my youth,
Obeyed all Thy commands ;
Treasured Thy precious words,
As dear as golden sands.

“Having been blessed with wealth,
I’ve given noble feasts,
And always entertained
Both rich and princely guests.

“Satiated with pomp,
Before my life shall end,
I would redeem the past,
Each future moment spend,

“In loving Thee, my Lord,
Not with the lip or eye,
But in my heart of hearts,
I’d serve Thee ere I die.

“Then I’d gain future bliss,
 Those joys that will endure,
 A home with Thee in heaven,
 Eternal rest secure.”

It was a great mistake
 For that rich nobleman,
 To think our blessed Lord
 Belonged to his own clan.

Who bartered brain and soul,
 If thereby they could gain
 Renown or worldly ease,
 Or yet more wealth obtain.

The Lord, indignant, heard
 The Ruler’s oily tongue,
 Boasting his own merits,
 In strains so sweetly sung.

But soon he quickly said—
 “Thou lackest yet one thing,
 One single attribute,
 Eternal life to bring.

“I give thee one small charge,
 Easy for thee to learn,
 If deep and honest love
 Within thy bosom burn.

“Sell all thy boundless stores,
 Sell all the goods thou hast,
 And bless the wretched poor,
 Redeeming thus thy past.

“The pearl of greatest price
 I then will give to thee,
 That pearl by many sought,
 ’Twill buy Eternity.”

Sadly the ruler said,
 Turning to go away—
 “That stern command of Thine
 My Lord, who can obey?”

“Not those who hug their wealth
 With a fond miser’s pride,
 Shall tread the heavenly courts,”
 The Saviour then replied.

“A camel can pass through
 The narrow needle’s eye,
 More easily than thou
 Can’st spend Eternity,

“With God and angels pure,
 And all redeemed from sin ;
 The pearly gates of heaven
 Inclose all such within.

“Such tread the golden streets,
 Such tune their harps of love,
 Such dwell in realms of bliss
 With Christ and God above.”

TO AMELIA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

AMELIA, dear, I would I had the power
 Blessings to scatter ; two to you I'd give :
 These blessings should suffice you while you live ;
 Yea, on your head these noble gifts I'd shower,—
 A healthy body and a vig'rous mind.
 If I should roam and seek the wide world through,
 I'd get no better, nobler gifts for you ;
 Yea, greater treasures I could never find,
 Even in rare Golconda's caverns, lined
 With precious, sparkling gems. Then seek to bind
 These priceless gifts upon your brow ; take both,
 And prize them as of rare and sterling worth.
 If these you can obtain you will be blest,
 And when Life's days are o'er you'll sweetly rest.

RAFFAELLE AND HIS MASTER-PIECE.

THE race of some is quickly run : they live,
 Then pass away from earth :
 They leave no record of their lives : few heed
 Either their death or birth.

 The sun declines behind the western hills ;
 The day in glory dies ;
 The twinkling stars peep from the azure blue,
 The bright celestial skies.

Aurora brings the purple dawn of morn ;
 The golden light extends
 Athwart the cloud-flecked earth ; the sun draws nigh,
 His warmth, and blessing lends.

The days perform their own revolving work ;
 The willing hours move on ;
 The circling years roll round and round again,
 Alike when they are gone.

Yet the good God who counts the starry host,
 Sheep on a thousand hills,
 The tiny dew-drops of the ocean deep,
 The little sparkling rills,

Can call by name each immortal child,
 Whether it's great or small :
 He has room enough in heaven above,
 His heart receives them all.

Yea, if he numbers the hairs of the head,
 The sparrow in its fall,
 He will not forget a child who has lived
 On His own earthly ball.

Yet, occasionally, as if to show
 His grand and matchless power,
 He shrines in finer clay a form divine,
 Purposely to shower

The richest, choicest, rarest gifts he holds
 At his supreme command ;
 He culls with care the noblest attributes
 Scattered in every land.

"Twas thus three hundred eighty years ago,
 On a clear, bright March morn,
 The world of art was blessed, supremely blessed,
 For Raffaele was born.

None ever saw a little child so fair,
 Filled with such winning grace :
 Beauty on every lineament was stamped
 Of that angelic face.

Four generations, ere he came, displayed
 Wonderous artistic power ;
 But the rarest treasures from all were gleaned
 For Raffaele's dower.

His father, kind and noble-hearted man,
 Saw in his infant child,
 The early dawnings of a genius rare,
 That infant sweet and mild.

Desiring not to quench the royal spark,
 He hailed it as God-given ;
 He dared not nip that genius so divine,
 That came direct from heaven.

His playthings were the palette and the brush,
 Instead of toy and kite ;
 The father's easel, and his magic paints,
 Gave his young soul delight.

How soon was proved that adage quaint and old,
 Plain to every one—
 "The child is often father to the man"—
 It was so with this son.

The father sought a teacher grand and bold,
 Perùgino by name,
 Who, by his glorious works of art, stood
 High on the scroll of fame.

Doubtless the doting father thought,
 By help of this bright sun,
 His boy would shine, e'en though by borrowed light,
 The same as does the moon.

The faithful student drew and copied well,
 He followed every rule,
 Attended strictly to the least detail
 Of Perùgino's school ;

Easily learned his master's cunning art,
 Observed his style so well,
 That when both painted the same face and form
 'Twas difficult to tell,

Which was the master's, which the pupil's work—
 Both had a master's skill ;
 Both tinted with the most exquisite touch,
 Prompted by the same will.

No fears of future rivalry prevailed ;
 No envy—malice dark—
 Made Piètro attempt to curb the mind,
 The soarings of this lark.

As the infant child wanders not alone,
 But grasps the nurse's hand,
 So Raffaëlle in early boyhood dreamed
 Never alone to stand.

As well command the bonnie thrush to rise

When warbling out its song,—

As well command the lark to stay below

Trilling the whole day long,—

As think to tie, repress, or bind with bands

A soul with genius blessed :

It gladly mounts aloft, it soars on high,

Singing far from its nest.

Sometimes the world looks cold—yea, very dark—

Feeds with a crust of bread—

Gives tardy blessings—a pillow of stone

To rest the aching head,

Of the student who lives beyond his race,

Who sees with mental eye

The visions of beauty from others hid,

Veiled in dark prophecy.

At length Perùgino was called away—

A providential call:

'Twas then the lad essayed to try his wings

He had not used at all.

Soon the young fledgling found he had the power

In beauty to excel—

In composition, majesty, and grace,

Which he combined so well,

Without his master's aid, or leading-strings,

That soon he rose to fame ;

From dukes and princes, popes and monarchs proud,

The rich commissions came,

To paint their palace-walls, their rooms of state ;
 All wished to have a trace
 Of cherub, saint, or holy man of God
 With the exquisite face,

That Raffaele alone had power to paint ;
 For in the speaking eye
 Of all his angels, you can read the soul,
 The inner thoughts descry.

Florence possessed a noble-hearted prince,
 A Medici by name ;*
 He opened wide and broad his palace-doors,
 His treasures known to fame.

But e'en Lorenzo had not power to keep,
 Within his princely home,
 This singing, soaring bird whose wings could reach
 The artist's Mecca, Rome.

In Rome, our artist led a brilliant life ;
 The wealth and pomp of state
 Opened for him their many winding doors,
 Which helped to make him great.

Madonnas, prophets, sibyls, angels fair,
 Psyches and rich cartoons,
 Prolifely were born to decorate
 The walls of †Julius' rooms.

At length, as if to centre in one plan,
 His highest standard gain,

* Lorenzo, the Magnificent.

† Pope Julius II.

He strove to represent his noblest thoughts,
The high-toned artist's aim.

Then he commenced his great immortal work,
The noblest, man could paint—
Holy the lofty theme, sublime the thought,
Worthy the brush of saint.

He told the olden story of our Lord,
Transfigured and Divine;
None ever saw from mortal eyes or face,
Such rays of glory shine.

But soon, alas! his work on earth was done,
He had indeed worked well :
'Twas in his manhood's prime the summons came,
The dirge, the fun'ral bell.

"The saddest day Rome ever saw has passed,
Rome is no longer Rome;"

*Castiglione to his mother wrote,
"Rome is no more my home."

And when he closed his eyes in mortal death,
†Art suddenly grew blind;
As though earth's grace and beauty had all fled,
With his artistic mind.

"Those whom the Gods love well, die young"—
Raffaello only sleeps;
The Pantheon his bones and ashes guards,
The world his mem'ry keeps,

* Baldassare Castiglione, one of the most spiritual writers of that day, wrote to his mother, the Marchioness, "I am at Rome, but seem no longer there, since my poor Raffaello is gone."

† Another writer said that when Raffaello died "Art became blind."

As fresh and green as yonder laurel-tree—

Go ye as faithful be ;

Ye who aspire to reach immortal fame,

Carve your own destiny.

Perhaps ye cannot paint, or write, or speak,

But an orphan ye can feed ;

Or a poor saddened, sin-stained soul console,

When a blessed life ye'll lead.

Obeys the master's golden rule, which says,

“Do as ye'd be done by ;”

Go bind some bleeding wounds, some sorrows soothe

With cheerful sympathy.

Improve the present, speeding, passing hour,

Before it is too late,

As time and tide and hoary death, for man

Will never, never wait.

KIND WORDS.

LIKE drops of dew to parched and thirsty flowers,
 Upon their petals in the morning hours ;
 Like news received from home in desert-sands
 By travellers far from their native lands ;

Like bread that is given to a starving child
 On whose pathway plenty has never smiled ;
 Like rays of light at the dawn of the day
 To benighted pilgrims on their dark way ;

Like a life-boat sent to a shipwrecked crew
 Amid the dashing waves so dark and blue ;
 Like a friendly grasp of a brother's arm
 To snatch one away from a threatened harm ;

Like the warbling music of singing birds ;
 Such, such are the effects of kind, kind words.
 Then never utter a cold, unkind word,
 Its echoes in the soul make harsh discord,

Which breaks thereby the harmony of life,
 Cutting and wounding as with a sharp knife ;
 Blighting the spirit like December gales,
 Freezing us like those wierd, icicle tales,

We heard in childhood from the lips of our nurse,
 Who used quite freely to our ears disburse
 So many marvellous hobgoblin things,
 That fly to our mind on mem'ry's wings,

That we often listen with trembling fear,
 Almost expecting that we shall hear
 The thrilling echoes of a startling tale
 That shall blanch the lips, make the cheek grow pale.

Life's hours are too short to give any pain
 By uttering words we'd take back again :
 We should curb the unkindness e're 'tis spoken—
 We can never heal a heart that's broken.

NELLIE GREY: A DOMESTIC STORY.

“GOOD evening, Nellie Grey,
I’ve sought you all the day,”
Said foppish Peter Ray.

“Your mother did not know,
To tell me where to go,
And I have wandered so

“All up and down the street,
Hoping that I should meet
Her whom I loved to greet.

“It was a foolish chase,
To see thine own dear face,
So full of witching grace.

“Had I not found thee here,
My charming little dear,
Brought by no sibyl sere,

“But by thine own sweet voice,
Warbling in strains so choice—
It made my soul rejoice.

“Now I will gladly rest,
A bird within thy nest,
And tell thee what is best.”

She brushed away a tear,
And though she had some fear—
With no protector near—

Of Peter, she was bold,
 As saucily she told,
 How she would sternly scold,

Any obtrusive bird,
 That willingly disturbed,
 When he had overheard,

Her singing when alone.
 She said, "I often came,
 Whene'er my work is done,

"Into this bright green wood,
 To meditate for good,
 As here I'm understood.

"Here I have lots of friends—
 Each flower a perfume sends—
 Each tree a glory lends—

"To make me prize this spot :
 When all the world forgot
 I'm thankful for my lot.

"I like to watch each cloud—
 It seems to me a shroud,
 To hide sad thoughts that crowd

"Into my heart at home :
 Such leave me when alone,
 Far from the dusty town.

"The rosy sunset's glow
 Is finer here, I know,
 Than elsewhere that I go.

"These grey old rocks with moss,
Striped o'er with em'rald floss,
Which golden threads emboss,

"Are by me prized so well,
In this secluded dell,
Their beauties I'd not sell,

"For a rich golden gown,
Or e'en for a whole town,
Surrounded by its 'Down.'

"This little sparkling stream,
From which dark shadows gleam,
Disturbs me when I dream.

"The dying day has flown ;
The sun has also gone
To find the rosy morn

"Behind the western hill.
Good-night, dear little rill ;
I go, but love you still.

"Good-night, yon bright blue sky,
Filled with deep mystery,
Of clouds that none can buy.

"For now I must away ;
So good-night, Peter Ray,"
She said, in voice so gay.

"Stay, Nellie, Nellie dear,
My lonely heart to cheer,
I'm happy when you're near."

But Nellie ran away,
Shouting, "I cannot stay
To-night with Mr. Ray."

This charming little maid,
By her own impulses led,
Her own requiem said.

Had she prophetic eye,
Her future to descry—
To trace her destiny?

Perhaps a single line,
Foreshadowed by old Time,
Had given her a sign,

Which then had made her think
That she was on the brink
Of changes, and might drink,

Life's bitter dregs with pain,
Should Peter ask to gain
Her love in a bold strain.

Her heart must soon confer,
How she could well defer,
An offer made to her,

By the young foppish wight,
Whose love expressed that night
She never could requite.

By two days at the most
She hoped to hear, by post,
That Dan was near the coast,

Of England's rocky shore.
To Dan, for evermore,
Her love was pledged. She wore

Around her neck the tiny thing,
Tied by a silken string—
That pretty little ring,

Worth more to her than gold ;
For with it Dan had told
Love, that could not be sold.

No London belle more sweet,
With dainty little feet,
Could any lover meet.

Her witching eyes so blue
Proclaimed a heart as true
As stars that e'er seem new.

Her cherry lips so red,
The gladsome words she said,
Her lover's hopes had fed.

Like luscious peach her cheek
Its blushes hide and seek
Played with that maid so meek.

Her pretty dimpled chin,
The pearly teeth within,
Stole young men's hearts—no sin.

Her bright and golden hair
Shaded a brow so fair
That many wished to share.

Their life, with that sweet maid,
Of whom none were afraid,
But gladly tribute paid.

Many rich suitors came,
Asking to change her name,
She answered all the same.

But one day, Daniel Price,
A sailor, trim and nice,
Obtained more than a slice

Of her young happy heart,
Guileless, and free from art;
Then pierced by Cupid's dart.

He simply told his love
In touching words that move
All souls that are above,

Flattery and deceit.
Two rippling streams oft meet,
And run beneath our feet,

As one grand river bold;
So did their loves when told,
Though only one hour old.

PART SECOND.

Peter left in the glen,
Far from the haunts of men,
Was in a rage, I ken.

He stamped upon the ground,
 Echo brought back the sound,
 For Nell could not be found.

“If that girl was my slave
 I’d like to make her rave,
 With no one near to save,

“Her from my angry power :
 Oh, would she were this hour,”
 Said Philip, glum and sour.

“But in a honied phrase,
 I’ll woo her with sweet praise,
 Waiting for future days,

“To bend her to my will ;
 Ah me ! I love her still,
 In spite of thoughts that fill

“My angry soul with hate ;
 I shall be disconsolate,
 Unless I’m blessed by fate.

“I’m called a handsome man,
 More fair than Sailor Dan,
 Or any of his clan.

“And ev’ry foot of ground,
 Of all this region round,
 Makes me with wealth abound.

“I own her mother’s farm,
 I’ll raise a great alarm,
 And promise her great harm,

“ Unless her Nellie’s wise,
And takes the proffered prize,
Without a sacrifice,

“ Of aught, but a rough lad
Who, though he is not bad,
Has made her downright mad.

“ So that she scorns my love,
E’en though I am above
The lad who likes to rove.

“ Her ugly sailor-boy,
Whom she regards with joy,
As gold without alloy.

“ Would I were on his ship,
By giving him a dip,
I’d make him take a sip

“ Of ocean’s drops of dew,
In potions not a few,
They might his strength renew.

“ He sailed quite merrily,
When he went out to sea—
That ship is owned by me.

“ I am so rich an heir
Of many mansions fair,
That I do even dare,

“ When counting treasures o’er,
To boast of gathered store
By those who lived before,

“Their hopeful heir was born
On some auspicious morn
Their mansions to adorn.

“The tenants here are mine,
E'en Dan who's on the Brine ;
His future I can twine

“With twisted, knotted thread ;
I wish that he were dead :
'Tis better thought than said.

“His ship will come this week
To Liverpool. I'll seek
How I can vengeance wreak.

“I'll rid the world of him,
His chances are but slim :
I'll chant his requiem.

“The subtle shaft I'll send,
With sweets I'll nicely blend
That he'll not wish to mend,

“His seeming destiny
So linked with mystery,
Administered by me.

“He's only second mate ;
I will his hopes elate,
And his ambition sate,

“By sending him away
To China, on the day
That he arrives so gay.

“As Captain, he may find
A bright sea-moss to bind
Around his brow ; I'll mind

“He comes not back again
From o'er the distant main,
To give me further pain.

“I'd rather lose my ship
Than be obliged to nip
Love, in the bud, I'd sip.

“When Dan has gone away,
Then, my sweet Nellie Grey,
You'll have to name the day.”

PART THIRD.

Six days had passed and gone,
Nellie began to moan
For Dan who had not come.

The twelfth, the postman brought
The letter she had sought ;
Alas! her hopes were nought :

In it was one long line
Written by Dan, quite fine—
“Nellie, you'll ne'er be mine.

“I sail across the main,
I shall not come again
To my old former home.”

Nellie had often heard
 Dan speak a tiny word,
 Repeating as a bird,

The chorus in his lay,
 When in the month of May,
 He carols all the day.

The music of his voice,
 Though of it he was choice,
 Made her young heart rejoice.

“Vain words are like the air
 That courses ev’rywhere ;
 They may at times seem fair.”

She often said, in mirth,
 To Dan of lowly birth,
 Who yet had real worth.

His line was more amiss
 Because he sent no kiss,
 A strange omission, this.

His mother knew not why ;
 It was in vain to try,
 While tears were in her eye,

To wear a pleasant smile ;
 Nell little dreamed, meanwhile,
 How many a long mile,

Of sea and sky and land,
 Rent hearts bound by a band,
 A lover’s silken strand.

Hearts that were rent in twain,
 Might meet no more again,
 Till singing love's refrain ;

Each a celestial dove,
 In heavenly courts above,
 Where there is perfect love.

PART FOURTH.

At length, one moonlight night,
 So fair, so clear, so light,
 The beauteous stars shone bright ;

Nell, by the open door,
 Sat watching heaven's floor,
 Studded with gems, a store ;

Gazing upon a star,
 Her thoughts seemed turned afar,
 As through the door ajar,

She had a peep within
 Those realms where there's no sin,
 No strife, or earthly din,

To see if Dan had gone
 And left her all alone
 On earth, for him to moan.

A shadow crossed the door :
 With heart so very sore,
 Nell cried aloud, " No more,

“Come here to see my grief,
O that my days be brief,
That death would give relief.

“God has heard my prayers,
Has given me unawares
A clue to your false snares.

“A voice came in my dream
As clear as yonder stream—
‘You are not what you seem.’

“Now by those stars so bright,
Beneath this pale moonlight,
Tell me this very night,

“If Dan did go to sea,
Sending that word to me,
‘He wished our hearts were free.’”

Nell with her prescient eyes,
Turned them to the skies,
To read their mysteries.

With heart as cold as ice
She spoke this quaint device,
“There’s no one here named Price.

“Within the pearly gate
He’s been preserved by fate :
I’ll take no other mate,

“But keep my vow of truth
Given in early youth,
E’en though I suffer ruth.

“So leave me, Peter Ray,
I beg you not to stay,
I'll never name the day.

“When I with you will wed ;
I'd rather much be dead,
And lay my aching head,

“Beneath the churchyard grass ;
Then o'er me you can pass,—
Go seek some other lass

“In your gay coach and four—
I'll walk from door to door
From this time evermore.

“I do not wish to shine
In silks and satins fine
Which never shall be mine.

“I'll work and earn my bread
By independence led ;
I'd rather much be fed,

“And have a right to eat
Honestly, well-earned meat ;
To toil for bread is sweet.”

Peter's eyes flashed with rage,
He said, as from a page
Of reading very sage,

“I'll pierce your foolish heart
With a sharp-barbed dart,
And that without much art.

"I'll make you rue this night ;
I swear that you shall plight
Your vows to me in sight,

"Of all your lovers fine :
You shall be surely mine,
E'en if you always pine

"For him who went away.
List to me while I say,
In a few words, Nellie Grey,

"What has become of Dan :
In joyful haste I ran
To see that darling man,

"As soon as he should come,
His voyage being done,
To his old British home.

"I met him first aboard
His ship, on which was stored,
A very precious hoard,

"Of freight, brought from afar :
It landed off the bar,
Those lines of sand that mar

"The coming in of freight.
I must proceed—it's late—
I found the second mate :

"I quickly offered him
A Captain's place, to win
His confidence, to bring

“Him to my terms of peace :
I would his wealth increase—
He, rivalry must cease.

“Delighted with my plan
To make him ‘Captain Dan’
Of a new ship, the man

“Agreed to every thing ;
Had no dissent to bring ;
By morn was on the wing.”

“Speak, cruel Peter Ray,
What did Dan have to say
Of Nellie, on that day?”

“I knew that you’d consent
To wed me after Lent ;
That you would soon repent,

“If married to a boor
Who would be always poor
As a church-mouse, that’s sure”—

“You did not tell him so,
I pray you let me know
Truly before you go.”

“Nay, Nellie, do not chide
Me so, for having pride
To win you for my bride.

“I am more fit for thee
Than Dan who’s gone to sea,
And you my wife must be.

“Dan said it was a sin
For you to marry him,
When I, so much more trim,

“Would bless you through your life,
If having ceased this strife,
You’d be my happy wife.

“Such joy and love shall meet
Around your path to greet,
That shadows at your feet

“Shall tell, though long and broad,
Of sunshine on the road
That in full measures strode.

“If you my bower will grace
With that sweet bonnie face,
You will the pain efface

“That for a year I’ve felt—
Pain that to me you’ve dealt
When at your feet I’ve knelt,

“And pled devoted love
In accents that would move
E’en the saints above.

“Forgive the one harsh word
That you to-night have heard ;
My mind was quite disturbed.

“But say you’ll marry me :
Your willing slave I’ll be
Nor wish to be set free.”

In accents of despair
 She cried, "How did you dare,
 A wealthy millionaire,

"To come this way in quest
 Of Dan's fond bird, the best
 He had in his small nest?

"Seeking with eagle-eye,
 You fain would make it fly
 To your rich nest to die.

"The eagle and the dove
 Are never bound by love
 On earth, or yet above.

"Within your halls of pride
 Fair and rich maidens glide;
 Gladly would one preside

"At your grand board in state,
 Pleased with the pomp I hate;
 This would your own pride sate.

"How did you dare to wound
 The truest friend I've found
 In all this region round

"By your hypocrisies?
 A tissue of base lies;
 The life within me dies.

"How could you ever meet
 Dan with such foul deceit;
 Pretending thus to greet

“Him as a brother true,
To whom you'd give his due,
Conferring honours new;

“While you his life would steal,
And then to me reveal,
That you've no power to feel

“Remorse for evil done,
As though in mirth and fun,
You'd gambled, and had won

“In a contested race,
By counting well your pace,
And wearing a smooth face.

“You see that star so bright
'Twas by its brilliant light
I gave my heart in plight;

“'Twill fall from yonder sky
Before my lips shall lie
Or break that plight: I'll die

“Before I'll take your name;
For love's undying flame
Burns in my heart the same;

“Though Dan has learned from you
That Nellie is untrue,
Wanting in constancy.”

“'Twas cruel for my sake
To wantonly thus break
A heart of noble make.

“ His days he'll spend in pain,
He'll think I'm false and vain,
That all maids are the same ;

“ Pleased with an outside show,
Though with it they do know,
"Twill bring them years of woe.

“ If you would be forgiven,
Or have your errors shriven,
Or hope to go to heaven,

“ Retrieve your guilty deed ;
Then you shall have the meed
Of thanks, from my heart, freed

“ From anguish and deep gloom,
So deep there is not room
For any joy to come.

“ Just write but one short line ;
Nellie will not be mine,
She waits for Dan's own time

“ To claim her as his bride,
As meekly by his side
She chooses to abide.”

“ Too late! too late! too late!
I fear he's passed the gate
Of death, a sad, sad fate.

“ I heard to-day by one,
A sailor, who has come
From a long voyage home,

“That a wild, fearful gale
Had wrecked Dan’s ship ; this sail
Shattered will tell the tale.”

Her rosy cheek grew pale,
Her strength began to fail,
Seizing the bit of sail,

She clasped it to her brow ;
“Heaven record my vow—
I’ll never marry now,”

She cried, “Oh mother, dear,
Come to your child, come near,
That you indeed may hear,

“That Dan lies in the sea ;
He cannot come to me,
I’ll go his bride to be.”

Still by that open door
She gazed, but said no more ;
Then swooned upon the floor.

PART FIFTH.

They lay her on the bed,
With her sweet golden head
So like a saint just dead.

The doctor’s greatest skill—
Alas for human will !—
Had not the power to fill

That saddened, stricken breast,
With joy she once possessed,
Its daily welcome guest.

With each returning day,
Repentant Peter Ray,
Asked leave an hour to stay,

In Nellie's little room,
Waiting the time to come,
When waking from her swoon,

He'd tell her how he'd yearned,
Though she had unreturned
His love, and spurned

His suit—had yearned for rest,
Within his troubled breast,
That sea of deep unrest.

Behind the curtain white,
He sat, quite out of sight,
That should the mental light,

Which was enwrapped in gloom,
Like darkness of the tomb,
To her sweet eyes once come,

She might not wish to close
Those eyes to gain repose,
Remembering her woes,

Which sight of him would bring
On troubled Mem'ry's wing,
As snow-drops tell of spring.

A harp struck by the wind,
 Gives a discordant kind
 Of music : when the mind,
 Whose chords are touched by grief,
 Is rent, there's no relief
 But in the arms of Death.

Talking as one asleep,
 At times she'd moan and weep,
 Then call upon the deep

To yield to her its dead ;
 Him, whom her hopes had fed ;
 For whom her heart had bled.

Sometimes she'd sing all day,
 Warbling in voice so gay,
 As linnets do in May.

She gazed with a vague look,
 As, reading from a book,
 Concealed in distant nook.

Nellie's mind was gone ;
 The body left alone,
 Could only sigh and moan.

Peter, in vain essayed
 To rouse the sleeping maid,
 By bringing from the glade,

Lilies and orchids white,
 That filled her room with light,
 As from a region bright.

He sought the fairest flowers
That grew in Eden's bowers,
And grace this world of ours.

Sometimes a lily fair,
She'd twine about her hair,
And then he would compare

The beauty of her face,
In which one could well trace
The lines of rarest grace,

To beauty he had seen
From the Madonna gleam,
Raffaello's Royal Queen.

To behold whom, all go
To Dresden, where they show
The painting all aglow,

With so much light divine ;
The heavenly graces twine
To make the features shine.

PART SIXTH.

The days and months passed on—
Nearly three years had gone—
When on a summer's morn,

Just at the break of day,
At the door of Mrs. Grey,
Stood stricken Peter Ray.

A messenger had said
That Nelly, in her bed,
Was lying, nearly dead.

Jealous for her pure fame,
He scarcely breathed her name,
Adoring her the same.

As goes the rapid tide,
Swiftly her moments glide.
Suddenly at her side,

A man with silent tread
Stood gazing at the bed
Where she lay nearly dead.

Peter cried, "Have you come,
Dan, from your spirit-home
To startle us this morn'?

"The mournful, solemn bell
Will ere long peal the knell
Of her we love so well.

"Wherefore are you here,
To curse me or to cheer
Her exit, very near?"

"A mortal you desery,"
Said Dan, heaving a sigh,
Wiping his tearful eye.

"Your ship was lost at sea,
All were engulfed but me—
Saved mysteriously.

“Then on a foreign shore
I thought for evermore
To bear my griefs so sore.

“’Twas just three months ago
I heard of Nellie’s woe.
My bleeding heart yearned so,

“To see her once again
I crossed the distant main—
Arrived last night at ten.

“Sweet Nellie—Nellie dear,
Utter one word to cheer
Your Dan, who is so near.”

Sighing, she oped her eyes,
Then suddenly she cries,
Amid Dan’s tears and sighs,

“I’ve had a fearful gleam
Of you across the stream :
Was it a frightful dream ?

“I thought I went away
From all of you to stay
During the livelong day.

“But why are you all here ?
Tell me my darling dear :
O come, come quite near.

“I’d lay my weary head
Near yours,” she softly said :
“I cannot yet be dead !

"Hush, hear that singing now,
 Seraphs with angel brow:
 I made to them a vow,

"That if they'd let me come
 To see you once again,
 I would return back home,

To join their angel band,
 In the sweet spirit-land
 Beyond this mortal strand."

As fainter grew her breath,
 She whispered, "Is this death?
 Am I to leave the earth?"

Then rallying once more,
 "One word," she cried, "before
 I cross dark Jordan's shore:

"Be kind to Peter Ray;
 'Twas love that made him stray:
 Forgive him, Dan, I pray."

Around that golden head
 A flood of light was shed:
 Dear Nellie Grey was dead!

Such glory filled the room—
 Bright angels having come
 To take their Nellie home.

When sweetly laid to rest,
 With lilies on her breast,
 Dan said, "'Twas for the best.

“Redeemed so soon from sin,
The pearly gates within,
Removed from mortal din.”

* * * * *

From England's Christian land
To Afric's heathen strand
Two men, bound by a band

Of love, went forth to pray,
To labour ev'ry day—
Dan Price and Peter Ray.

They labour for the race,
Forgetting not one face,
Gone to a holy place.

They speak of heaven above,
Where angels live in love,
And where bright seraphs rove.

They always think of one,
Whose life so quickly done,
In glory went one morn,

Out of their mortal sight
Into the world of light,
To wear a robe of white.

When singing the sweet strain,
Honour^d to Jesus' name,
Almost her own refrain,

In her clear angel-voice,
Echoes the strains so choice,
That their full souls rejoice.

They hope that she will greet
 Them in the golden street,
 When they, redeemed, shall meet,

To join the blessed throng
 That from the earth have gone
 To warble heavenly song.

A L O N E .

“It is not that my lot is low
 That bids the silent tear to flow ;
 It is not grief that bids me moan,
 It is that I am all alone.”

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

HENRY Kirk White once used to moan,
 Because, he said, he was alone.
 Methinks he had a morbid mind,
 That for some fellowship had pined ;
 A fellowship he could not claim
 With friends that he could never gain.

A poet, he was lowly born,
 Though richly fitted to adorn
 A high position, yet gave place
 To those more favoured of his race—
 Favoured by accident of birth,
 But not more favoured by their worth.

He had to struggle and to sigh,
 Like other noted ones, to die
 Before the recognition came,
 Which gave him everlasting fame.
 The blessings that we cannot have
 Are always those that most we crave.

It seems to me Kirk White was wrong
 For singing such a mournful song :
 A poet should not feel alone,
 Though every human friend has gone ;
 With his own thoughts he can commune,
 And ever have a changeful tune ;

Varied to suit the place and time,
 Now light and trivial, then sublime.
 Sweet-winged thought will let him rove
 As swiftly as the wand'ring dove,
 To distant lands, to foreign climes,
 Where blooms the citron and the limes.

Though in one spot he may be bound,
 He yet can roam the wide earth round ;
 A pleasant panorama make,
 And for his scenery can take,
 Islands and mountains, glens and dells,
 Cathedrals, abbeyes, temples, cells.

Surely one has no cause to moan,
 Or sigh because he is alone ;
 Then if he close the outward door,
 Shutting within his thoughts, a store,
 He still has Nature for a friend,
 Her cheerful influence to lend.

Each babbling brook, each twinkling star
 That shines upon him from afar,
 Each modest flower that opes its eye,
 Greet him with voice of melody :
 The little birds, in pleasant talks,
 Chatter so sweetly while he walks.

The clouds of ev'ry form and hue—
 Light, dark, or cerulean blue—
 Are always ready, any time,
 To talk to him in strains sublime :
 Surely one has no cause to moan,
 Or sigh because he is alone.

Again, of friends a goodly host,
 Each one who reads can always boast—
 Goethe and Schiller, Uhland too,
 Shakespere, with always something new—
 The poets of the olden time,
 Who will converse in measured rhyme ;

Or moralists, in sober prose,
 Will talk to him where'er he goes :
 Then he who will can always find
 Enough to satisfy his mind.
 Surely one need not be alone,
 Or have a cause to sigh and moan.

Should all these influences be vain
 To chase away that mournful strain,
 One never-failing fountain still .
 Can heal his mind of ev'ry ill—
 A fountain to which many fly
 When wearied with hypocrisy.

This fountain, full of blissful love,
 Will raise his thoughts from earth above—
 Will teach him that for ev'ry one
 There still remains (though all have gone)
 A nearer, dearer, heavenly friend,
 Who ever will his footsteps tend—

One who sits on the throne of God,
 And rules the hearts of all by love.
 Having Him, he needs no other ;
 He is dearer than a brother ;
 For with His all-omniscient eye,
 He can each human heart descry.

He knows when souls are rent with grief,
 When sympathy will give relief :
 Then we may well repeat again
 That ever-comforting refrain,
 One never need to be alone,
 Or have a cause to sigh and moan.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND HIS MASTER-PIECE.

IN fourteen hundred seventy-four,
 In the brave old Tuscan land,
 A child was born of good descent :

Thus does the old record stand :—

“My son shall enter halls of state,
 And well-fitted he shall be,
 By reading books,” his father said,
 “Rare books of antiquity.

“As soon as he can comprehend
 The old classics, he shall learn
 All that the ancient authors taught,
 From a teacher wise and stern.”

We may catch the sweetest songster,
 We may clip his little wing,
 But we cannot make the songster,
 At our pleasure, trill and sing.

We may confine him in a cage
 We may bind him very strong,
 Confinement will not draw from him
 The rich, merry, warbling song.

We may lead a horse to water,
 But we cannot make him drink ;
 We may send a boy to college,
 But we cannot make him think.

We may drop a kernel of wheat
 In a crevice of the rock ;
 Unless it is warmed by the sun
 We shall never have the shock

Of ripe grain, ready for harvest,
 Nor for the reaper to bind—
 Neither the wheat for the miller :
 The same is true of the mind.

The husband of Michael's young nurse,
 A mason—cutter of stone—
 Taught him to play with his chisels,
 Before he could walk alone.

In school he cared not for Latin,
 Neither for Hebrew, nor Greek ;
 But noticed the boys about him,
 Always endeavouring to seek

How best he could draw their faces
 On his slate, or map, or book.
 His copies at first from Nature,
 Without the asking, he took.

There was in the school a pupil—
 As fortune favors the brave—
 Of Domenico Ghirlando :
 This student, by stealth, did save

Bits of pictures by his master :
 These Michael copied so well,
 That which was his, or the copy,
 The master could hardly tell.

This trick that Michael played on him,
 He never forgave, I ween :
 In subsequent years, his envy
 By all could plainly be seen.

When Michael's father discovered
 How futile his hopes—his aim—
 By sternness he sought to conquer,
 But all his efforts were vain.

He spoke of beggarly artists,
 Said all he could to deride,
 The works of painters and sculptors—
 Almost wished his son had died.

Instead of bringing dishonour
 On an old ancestral name,
 Describing as two synonyms
 Ancient titles and true fame.

But if ever a soul is filled
 With flames of heavenly fire,
 Feelings of pride, birth, and descent,
 Are baubles—worthless attire.

Though at last allowed to study
 With Domenico, so vain,
 Who never allowed a rival
 Much excellence to attain,

He soon would have been discouraged ;
 For never a word of praise
 Came from the lips of the master,
 His high ambition to raise.

At this most fortunate juncture
 The pride of Florence—its boast—
 *Lorenzo, supplied his garden
 For students, at his own cost,

With basso-relievos, with busts
 Of all the prominent men ;
 The statues antique, rare models
 Were peeping from dell and glen.

* The Duke, called The Magnificent.

'Twas hither our artist repaired—
 A lad who was scarce fifteen—
 A genius, designed to eclipse
 All sculptors the world had seen.

He copied the models in clay—
 Models so rare and antique,
 That none but a prince could obtain,
 Such as good students would seek.

As his work was crowned with success,
 This timid young lad grew bold ;
 In a block of marble he sought
 His mental powers to unfold.

Breathing into marble the life,
 A wonderful fawn he made,
 Which pleased his rich patron so well,
 It was with delight he paid

Our artist his heartiest thanks,
 Adopted him as his son,
 Entertained him with noble guests,
 Praised him to every one.

For three happy years he toiled well,
 E'en though living in clover ;
 As the hare must strive for the goal,
 Or his swift speed will never

Outstrip the old tortoise, so slow,
 Whose steadiness gains the race ;
 For diligence, patience, and toil,
 Accomplish more than swift pace.

Our artist happily combined
 Patience, diligence, and skill ;
 He soon had abundance of work—
 More orders than he could fill.

Gods, nymphs, and figures of prophets,
 In marble were carved so soon,
 That either a Christ or Bacchus
 In his fertile mind found room.

He made a sweet little Cupid,
 Stained the pure marble so white,
 Buried it deep in his garden,
 As though it had seen the light

Of days long gone, when old sculptors
 Were fired with such holy zeal,
 That their statues seemed filled with life,
 As though the marble could feel.

The Cupid was purchased at Rome,
 Greatly admired as antique :
 The cardinal used ev'ry means
 The old artist's name to seek.

At length the rich joke was detected,
 He sent for Michael to Rome,
 Where he lived a wonderful life
 Of art, in that artists' home.

Then followed his famous cartoon
 Of soldiers taking their bath,
 Surprised by the Pisans, who came
 Upon them in greatest wrath.

We can almost hear them utter
 Their language so fierce and loud,
 Or the rattling of the armour
 Of that strong, athletic crowd.

He was then commanded to build,
 For Julius,* a marble shrine,
 Befitting the Pope's pomp and state,
 Almost if not quite divine.

His design so pleased the monarch,
 The Pope, who was proud and vain,
 That the seeds of a holy work
 Were sown, to raise his own fame.

Deciding to rebuild his church,†
 That old St. Peter had blessed,
 He sought to make it so noble,
 That his bones in peace might rest.

So he sent old Tetzcl to sell
 "Indulgences" rare for pence,
 To gather great wealth and rich stores,
 His motives—his sole defence.

This roused Luther, the fearless monk,
 Who abhorred these means so vile,
 That he preached a much purer faith
 In Germany all the while.

* Pope Julius II.

† St. Peter's Cathedral, at Rome.

Out of evil, good sometimes comes :

The Pope gave immortal fame
To the artist, who helped to rear
A monument to his name.

Madonnas, Piètas, and groups
Of life-like statues he made
For shrines in chapels, for those whom
The debt of nature had paid.

For Guilano's shrine he carved
A charming statue of "Night,"
"Which would speak," Giovanni said,
"If shook at the morning-light."

As this would waken her from sleep,
That goddess fair in the stone,
Who was only sweetly sleeping
When left to herself alone.

"Do not waken her from her slumber,"
Michael Angelo replied ;
"'Tis well to sleep when crimes bear sway,"
"Then rouse her not," he cried.

How richly Michael was endowed
With wond'rous gifts and graces—
Could verses write, could chant and sing,
Or carve and paint men's faces.

In majesty and power, from all
He took the conqueror's palm ;
Studied anatomy so well
That he made each limb and arm

Just like the human limb and arm,
 As if filled with strength and life ;
 Just as the old Laocoon appears
 Engaged in terrible strife.

But amateurs who go to Rome—
 As every traveller ought—
 Will seek the Sistine Chapel out
 To see his grand master-thought,

In fresco, covering the walls :
 Angels, demons, friends, and foes
 Are here assembled for decrees,
 Blessings, cursings, joys, or woes,

With graphic and Dantean power
 He has made the judgment-seat,
 The grand tribunal of the world,
 Where both king and subject meet.

Genius, when well-combined with strength,
 Will endure for many years ;
 This artist's life will testify,
 How fallacious are the fears,

That mind will wear the body out,
 If the mental shrine be strong ;
 But when the body is o'erwrought,
 The brain-power lasts not long.

Michael was nearly ninety years
 Ere called to his last, long home :
 His body rests in Florence, now,
 But his genius lives at Rome.

We may gain wisdom from his life,
 To learn faithfully our art ;
 To trim the midnight lamp, to plod,
 Trying to do well our part.

Then, when our earthly life has closed,
 We shall merit words of cheer ;
 The "well done" given to all who show
 Faith and works while living here.

FLOWERS FOR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

On the 30th of May, 1868, it was recommended by Government that the friends of the soldiers who had fallen during the late American War should strew flowers over their graves in all parts of the country, and that this should be an established custom ever afterwards in America, every year, that it should be a perpetual memento for faithful services rendered in the cause of the country.

BRING, in the charming month of May,
 Garlands of flowers, so bright and gay,
 As tribute to the soldiers' dead,
 Those who so bravely fought and bled—
 Fired with a patriotic zeal,
 Who suffered for their country's weal.

Who, when their country was ensnared,
 For her dear sake their bosoms bared ;
 Left their fond wives and children dear,
 And all the friends to them so near,—
 Their homes of plenty and their wealth,
 Regardless of their ease and health.

Left college-walls and shrines of fame,
 Content to die without a name,
 Unregistered except on high,
 In God's own book beyond the sky.
 E'en artists left their works begun,
 To march beneath the burning sun.

Merchants forsook the marts of trade,
 To be entombed 'neath earth's dark shade ;
 Lawyers laid down the critic's bone
 To march, and fight, and die alone ;
 Doctors went forth, endowed with skill,
 To cure the wounded with good will ;

Chaplains, and holy men of God,
 Went forth to preach the blessed Word ;
 Men of all climes, of ev'ry age—
 The astronomer,* poet, sage—
 Some were the noblest of the land,
 Worthy descendants of a band

Of Pilgrim Fathers, who had trod
 Old Plymouth rocks to worship God—
 Pilgrims who chose abroad to roam,
 To seek a free and peaceful home,
 Who sailed across the ocean-wave,
 In forests wild to find a grave.

'Tis pleasant sure for us to think,
 That present generations drink,
 Deep draughts of glory at the well

* Professor Mitchell, a very distinguished astronomer, who had an observatory at Cincinnati, became a general, and died of illness,

Dug by these pilgrims. None can tell
 How far their influence extends,
 Or how much light their taper lends,

To bless another on the road,
 A path of life that he's not trod.
 If men were only lumps of clay,
 Destined to live and pass away,
 If all of life was a brief span,
 And there was nothing else for man,

But to turn back again to dust,
 Then it would seem to us quite just,
 To bring the fairest flowers that grow
 As a sweet offering, to strew
 Deep o'er the dust of valiant men,
 Who came from every hill and glen ;

Men loving freedom as their sires,
 Within whose breasts the lambent fires,
 Kindled a holy flame divine,
 So that they offered at one shrine
 The best they had to give—their life !
 And thus engaged in mortal strife.

Their cause—the freedom of mankind,—
 The grandest cause a race to bind :
 As dewdrops mingle into one,
 Drawn by the action of the sun,
 So many people, by one hand,
 Are drawn together as a band

Of brothers ; working for one end,
 For which their single efforts blend.
 But blue-eyed Hope, with sanguine voice,
 Bids us, in cheerful strains, rejoice ;
 Tells us, in words of faith and trust,
 That though man's body goes to dust,

The real man will go to God,
 Leaving his ashes in the sod.
 When the bright sun shines in the west,
 And draws his curtains down to rest,
 He takes the golden light away,
 The amber clouds of dying day,

And rosy sisters of his train
 Depart to come no more again.
 Alas ! what darkness shrouds the earth !
 Did we not hope to greet the birth,
 Of a new, bright, and rosy morn,
 That would again the sky adorn,

With mellow light of ev'ry hue,
 Bringing earth's glories into view,
 We should not wish to tarry here,
 To be reminded of the bier ;
 As though all nature's joys had fled,
 And she were mourning for the dead.

We know the sun will come at morn,
 The fields and meadows to adorn ;
 Will give to them both heat and light,

Dispelling all the gloom of night.
 Freedom to man is like the sun—
 Should be enjoyed by ev'ry one.

An innate birthright man should claim,
 Belonging to him as his name :
 It is a Promethean spark ;
 By it he rises as the lark,
 Soaring and soaring far away,
 Leaving the sordid joys of clay,

Seeking to bask in purer light,
 From selfish eyes, far out of sight.
 We find inscribed on every scroll
 Of history which we unroll,
 That, to obtain this precious boon,
 Heroic men their lives laid down.

Freedom was dear in early days,
 When Christian martyrs loved to praise,
 In their own way, their God so well,
 That, fearing men, they chose to dwell
 In catacombs or caves alone,
 Rather than at a sumptuous home.

Patriots in every clime
 Have worshiped at pure Freedom's shrine ;
 But one free nation in the west
 Had culled from ev'ry land the best—
 Had reared aloft a banner high,
 So that it towered to the sky,—

Wrote on that banner red and white,
 That glistened in the broad sunlight,
 "There's one free land beneath the sun—
 The land of noble Washington ;"
 But, strange to say, there was a blot*
 On her escutcheon, one foul spot.

'Twas only those whose *skins were white*
 That could enjoy the freedom's light.
 As one small smould'ring spark of fire
 Will make a conflagration dire,
 So this one tiny, little stain,
 Threatened to cover Freedom's name.

On this account the war began—
 The fiercest war 'tween man and man :
 I'll not detail how it arose—
 Its carnage dire, or frightful woes.
 A dragon, once, in olden time,
 (The poet tells in German rhyme),

Lay lurking near the chapel door,
 To seize not only God's own poor,
 But holy men, who went to pray,
 Offering incense ev'ry day.
 At last so many men were slain
 That valiant knights were raised again,

To fight as they had done before,
 On the far-off' crusader's shore.
 They slew the monster at great cost,

* Slavery.

For many precious lives were lost.
 The monster c'en, when dying, spilled
 The blood of valiant knights he killed.

But many lives were thus secured,
 By sacrifices they endured :
 On that fair glorious Western shore,
 A *dragon threatened every door :
 At first he had but little power,
 Could have been killed at any hour.

Content to dwell in one small state,
 His devastations were not great ;
 'Twas thought he would no trouble give,
 And thus they let the monster live :
 Slowly he grew, till, one by one,
 Rich States he seized, to make his home.

When once his cloven-foot was found,
 Resting on any spot of ground,
 The people were obliged to pay
 The richest tribute every day :
 If they refused his greedy claim,
 He took possession just the same.

At length, becoming very bold,
 Had no respect for young or old ;
 Covered the territory, South,
 With his enormous yawning mouth.
 He feasted on their manhood's blood,
 And sapped the race of their chief good.

* Slavery.

He stretched his pond'rous body on,
 Blighting all things he moved upon :
 He wished to devastate the west,
 The east, the north, and all the rest
 Of that fair land—the freeman's pride,
 Before all other lands beside :

That land so happy and so blest,
 The home of men who'd been opprest
 In their own climes, by tyrants' sway,
 Who, to enjoy peace, came away.
 Like Schiller's dragon, he laid wait,
 To watch e'en at the church-yard gate.

He laid such wily, artful snares,
 His prey was captured unawares.
 As ocean-waves roll mountain-high
 When the tempestuous winds sweep by,
 So blue-eyed, fair-haired, strong-pulsed men
 Rose from the ranks of citizen,

Marched forth as by a whirlwind driven,
 Asking, imploring help from heaven;
 Fiercely and bravely long they fought
 To kill the dragon, vainly sought
 For weeks and months, and even years,
 Till many had most anxious fears,

That this huge monster would increase
 On spoils of war, as fruits of peace ;
 Rank after rank, file after file

Were thinned, seemingly to beguile
 The horrid monster at his play,
 Devouring thousands every day.

The ground with human blood was stained,
 From human victims that he claimed ;
 At last they conquered him. He fell,
 But, oh, how mournful 'tis to tell,—
 Thousands and thousands of the brave,
 Are resting in a hero's grave.

Then bring fresh flowers—Nature's sweet gems,
 To make bright, loving diadems,
 Over the peaceful, hallowed dust
 Of men who fought for cause so just.
 Children should make a daisy-chain,
 To reach from Georgia into Maine.

Fond wives should bring Forget-me-Not,
 To mark the sacred, hallowed spot ;
 Parents should cull fresh flowers of spring—
 Memory's greatest offering.
 Sisters should strew beneath their feet
 Dark-eyed pansies, violets sweet,

While all their gratitude should show,
 By casting, what each can bestow,
 Immortelle-wreaths on ev'ry grave
 Of patriot or soldier brave,
 Who died that freedom might remain
 His country's blessing, each man's claim.

Bring garlands, then, so light and gay,
 Ev'ry year, in the month of May,
 As mem'ry's fondest offering
 From a free nation, cherishing
 Sweet gratitude for favours giv'n,
 Rich, hallowed blessings from high heav'n.

TO ETTA ON HER BIRTHDAY.

HAD I the power thy future life to will,
 I'd tell my muse to write for thee this time
 My fondest wishes in a loving rhyme.
 With pleasant sunshine I thy sky would fill ;
 Thy mind should blossom with perennial flowers,
 And all thy days have only happy hours.
 But in a garden, weeds destroy the flowers,
 And kill the trailing vines upon the bowers,
 Unless the faithful gard'ner plucks each weed,
 When all his labour is repaid, indeed ;
 For flowers, if cared for, yield their fairest bloom,
 And charming roses give their sweet perfume.
 Then strive, my dear, to let no rank weed grow
 Within thy mind, and only choice seeds sow.

I N F E R N O .

"Being in torments, he lifted up his eyes," &c.

IS there a place, as poets tell—
 A place for mortals we call hell ?
 Dante affirmed in olden time,
 In stanzas of immortal rhyme,
 That in a vision he had seen
 Spirits of those who once had been
 Inhabitants of the wide earth,
 Of every grade of rank and birth.

His vision was so plain and clear,
 He saw his friends who had lived here,
 In regions far beyond the main,
 Living another life again ;
 But each had a peculiar sphere,
 Quite unlike that each one held here ;
 Dark were the places spirits trod,
 Those who'd offended him—or God.

Some lived on in perpetual pain,
 Deprived of all their earthly gain ;
 Some were consigned to circles low,
 Others were in gradation, so
 A little chance was left to mend,
 If to improvement they'd attend :
 They might not reach the realms of light,
 Where there is day without a night ;

They might not even there begin
 To lead a life without a sin,
 Yet could their outward ways improve,
 And have a taste of heavenly love :
 Justice in full was meted here
 Without a favour or a fear ;
 After existence on the earth,
 The merest accident of birth,

Gave to position not a choice ;
 Those who on earth had had a voice
 In making laws, on a high seat,
 Were often placed beneath the feet,
 Of many who had subjects been
 On earth—perhaps were King or Queen :
 Holy Popes, and Cardinals too,
 Here received their genuine due.

But earthly wealth and empty fame
 Were treated as an idle name ;
 While earth's down-trodden and despised
 Went straight direct to Paradise.
 Whether we fully coincide
 With all we read of those who've died,
 That Dante in immortal verse
 Has well succeeded to rehearse.

As sure as day succeeds the night,
 We must believe that he was right
 In giving pain to every one
 Who had on earth ignobly done ;

Or in rewarding honest worth,
 Without regard to wealth or birth.
 If we but analyse the mind,
 We feel that there should be a kind,

Of balance struck between the bad
 Who have perverted good they had,
 And those whose constant aim has been
 To struggle to o'ercome all sin.
 God has implanted in each breast
 A conscience that will let none rest
 Unless they listen to its voice,
 Which will admit of but one choice.

To lead a life true and sincere,
 If one would have a heaven here.
 Those who its dictates disobey
 May outwardly both preach and pray,
 But they will bear, where'er they go,
 A hell that will consume them so,
 They fain a Lazarus would crave
 Their parched lips with dew to lave.

On earth our heaven or hell begins,
 Depending much upon our sins.
 We should not cease from doing wrong
 From reading Dante's wondrous song,
 Fearing what we may have to bear
 When we have left our bodies here.
 We know full well that ev'ry deed
 Has in the doing its own meed.

So we can choose our heaven here,
And wait not for another sphere :
We need not agitate our breast
Concerning our eternal rest.
Our earthly life should be sincere,
Then, when we pass to the next sphere,
God will provide for us, we know,
Some place where we shall like to go.

TO JESSIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

FOR thee, my darling, I would twine
A wreath in which each grace should shine—
Each Christian grace.
Blended with meekness of the dove,
Should be the attributes of love ;
And on thy face,
No line of sadness should be seen,
But joy and gladness ever beam—
Such as will come,
If when each dying day has gone,
Thy retrospection recalls one
Good action done,
Or one kind word, that then hast said ;
As sure as streams by rills are fed,
And glide along.
So each kind thought will bring a smile,
And each kind deed life's woes beguile
With pleasant song.

Then ever strive to do some good,
A useful life thy soul will flood

With heavenly joy.

My child will then be always blest,
Will always have true happiness,

Without alloy.

THE MOTHER'S FAITH.

Matt. xv., 22 to 28 verses.

“GIVE me but one small crumb
From off Thy table, Lord ;
A crumb a dog would pick
Without an angry word,

“Either from host or guest,
So great is the supply
Of food. Enough for all ;
Therefore, do not deny

“A meek and humble soul,
Who comes in faith to thee,
Sorrowing for her child ;”
She pleads for sympathy.

That mother's yearning cry,
The tender Saviour heard ;
Her anguish touched His heart—
He spoke the joyful word.

He moved His healing hand,
 And told her to rejoice :
 "Thy daughter now is healed,"
 Said that sweet plaintive voice.

"Thy faith has made her whole—
 She lives—the demon's gone :
 Go seek thy dearest child,
 Thine only precious one.

"It is the wand'ring sheep
 I came to save : those lost
 Benighted ones shall have
 A ransom without cost."

THE SCRIBE.

"I will follow thee wheresoever thou goest."—Matt. viii. 19, 20.

"**I** WOULD like to travel
 With thee for evermore,
 Gracious Lord and Master,
 Whose goodness I adore ;

"For in my heart a flame
 Of holy, holy zeal
 Pervades each sentient thought,
 So that I deeply feel

"I could abide with Thee,
 And share Thy humble lot ;
 Give up all earthly joys,
 Henceforth by me forgot."

Our Saviour heard the Scribe,
 And very sweetly smiled :
 He thought such love must come
 From a pure, holy child.

But suddenly he said,
 With thrilling tones, that sent
 An arrow to the heart
 Of him to whom it went :

“Foxes have holes, each bird
 Has for its young a nest ;
 But I, the Son of God,
 Who truly am possessed,

“Of riches not of earth,
 I do not own a bed—
 A couch on which to rest
 My weary, aching head.”

The Scribe went his own way,
 Sad and disconsolate :
 He loved the world too well
 To share the Saviour's fate.

A BOY'S POCKET.

WHAT is there that gives such mingled joy
 As a pocket does to a growing boy ?

'Tis a savings-bank, where all his treasures
 Are hoarded with care ! No miser's pleasures

Can begin to equal those he derives
 From saving the choice things that he contrives,

To gather together every day,
By what possible means, no one can say.

He takes a museum where'er he goes,
The value of which he very well knows.

He'd only sell for a fabulous price
His famous collection he thinks so nice.

Each boy's treasures are a type of his mind—
A fair index to show how he's inclined.

Deep in the pocket of a gourmand-boy
Apples and gingerbread would make his joy.

A miser's pocket would hold bits of all
Sorts of things he could get, both great and small.

Little Mozart would have staves, notes, and bars,
With enough flats and sharps to make no jars ;

But Cuvier would hide a chicken-bone,
To examine when he was quite alone ;

Linnæus, perhaps, would secrete some flowers,
And study them well in his lonely hours ;

While Franklin would have the string of his kite
To attract the clouds far out of his sight ;

Giotto would have a bit of burnt coal,
And some waste-paper for a drawing-scroll ;

Izak Walton would have a fishing line
Made of horsehair instead of twine ;

But Humboldt would fill his pockets with stones,
With fragments of maps, and bits of old bones.

I should like to spend a very long day
 Examining pockets of boys at play ;
 Not only amusement should I thus find,
 But soon would discover each bent of mind ;
 Of their future life I should catch stray gleams,
 By studying well their wond'rous day-dreams.

LOVE.

(A Fragment, from an Unpublished Poem.)

LOVE has from early times inspired the noblest theme ;
 Love has given us on earth, of bliss, a heavenly gleam ;
 Love has on fairy wings oft borne us to the skies,
 When we have revelled for a time in ecstasies ;
 The love of country oft has made proud nation's fight,
 And offer on the altar many a brave knight.

Love, too, has sent one as a pilgrim on life's way,
 When the sad soul no longer had the power to stay,
 To see another favoured one woo, win, and wed
 The lady fair whose blooming charms his hopes had fed ;
 The love thus deeply felt has brought the greatest woe
 To the fond trusting soul to whom 'tis death to know,

That it indeed has "loved too fondly and not well."
 Yet 'tis the poet's pleasant task in rhymes to tell
 That love is like the ocean, fathomless and deep,
 Or like grand Mont Blanc, difficult for climbing feet.
 'Tis near us, and about us, yet sometimes so far,
 We might as well aspire to reach the farthest star,

Thy life should be a day with rosy hours,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
Sleeping or waking thou art dear to me,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
I would scatter life's blessings over thee,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
I have but one wish, I crave but one bliss,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
To press thy sweet lips with a hallowed kiss,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
When thou art with me I have life and light,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
When thou art gone 'tis Crimerian night,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
I dare not inquire if thou lovest me,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
I only know that I dearly love thee,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
These bright stars scatter incense through the skies,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
They've culled from glances of thy vi'let eyes,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
This air is perfumed with thy fragrant breath,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
Should'st thou scorn my love 'twould be my death ;
Lady mine, Lady mine !
Yet my love I'd whisper in accents low,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
The depths of my feeling thou dost not know,
Lady mine, Lady mine !
My love has been hid within my own breast,
Lady mine, Lady mine !

As ocean-waves, 'tis a sea of unrest,
 Lady mine, Lady mine !
 Now calm and quiet as a placid lake,
 Lady mine, Lady mine !
 Then I'm troubled with thirst that nought will slake,
 Lady mine, Lady mine !
 But a glance at thy tender love-lit eyes,
 Lady mine, Lady mine !
 Which remind me of Venus in yon skies ;
 Lady mine, Lady mine !
 Bolder when veiled by the curtains of night,
 Lady mine, Lady mine !
 I'm inspired to hope by this bright moonlight ;
 Lady mine, Lady mine !
 The stars are fading, and morning will come,
 Lady mine, Lady mine !
 I tarry no longer, but hie me home ;
 Lady mine, Lady mine !
 Once more, good night ; good night, my dearest one,
 Lady mine, Lady mine !
 'Till to-morrow evening I must be gone,
 Lady mine, Lady mine !

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

THE cause of "Woman's Rights" and "Wrongs"
 Some earnestly do plead ;
 The cause of Childhood, I have urged,
 A better cause indeed.

For many years I've pled this cause,
 In ev'ry form and way ;
 The key-stone in the arch to be
 Of progress in this day.

I've pled for little sufferers,
 Who feel, but cannot speak ;
 Who bear the curse of parents' sins,
 And grow up dwarfed and weak.

I've pled for little children's rights ;
 If gained, I know full well
 That ev'ry other cause would thrive,
 Much more than I can tell.

If I could have a magic wand,
 And add to human bliss,
 I'd advocate this noblest cause,
 And plead in faith for this.

My platform is a simple one,
 Easily understood ;
 'Tis one that all can comprehend,
 Or could do, if they would.

Every human child that's born
 Should have a happy heart ;
 Should always wear a pleasant smile—
 With mis'ry have no part.

There should not be a ragged one,
 And hence no ragged school ;
 Hunger and want should only be
 Exceptions, not the rule,

Belonging to any household,
 In city or in town ;
 For profusely are God's blessings
 Shed freely up and down.

His atmosphere He doth not give
 In a stinted measure,
 But pours it out so lavishly,
 Though it is a treasure.

He sendeth bright sparkling rivers,
 And rippling streams along,
 To quench the thirst and lave the brow
 Of all they glide among.

He giveth warm, genial sunbeams,
 The hearts of all to cheer—
 To brighten every pathway
 Of children far and near.

He causeth waving fields of grain
 Abundantly to grow,
 So that at every harvest-time
 The barns with crops o'erflow.

There's food enough for ev'ry child,
 There's air for young and old,
 There's wool enough upon the sheep
 To keep away the cold.

The blooming fields smile and rejoice
 With purest emerald sheen ;
 While many-tinted flowers peep out
 Amid this carpet green.

Some rights there are to all, innate ;
 With life there should be light ;
 Air, food, and clothing all should have,
 And childhood should be bright.

No child should toil beyond its strength,
 Nor grow up dwarfed and maimed,
 With shrunken limbs and wrinkled brow,
 For a few pennies gained.

Our streets are full of puny ones,
 For wretchedness abounds,
 Among the ignorant, careless poor,
 In all the larger towns.

How many children never see
 Even a single flower,
 But live in darkness all their lives,
 With not a happy hour !

The only grass that waves o'er some
 Grows on their little mound ;
 They only feel the warm sunshine
 When lying in the ground.

They seldom hear the song of birds,
 Or see a hedge in May ;
 They're doomed from birth to toil and work ;
 They have no time to play.

The Christmas bells ring not for them
 A merry, joyous peal ;
 They never know the dear delights
 That other children feel,

On Christmas-Day, when gladness reigns
 Around the festive board ;
 Yet on this day God's poor should meet
 To commen'rate our Lord.

God, in mercy look down upon
 The children of the poor—
 The little ones who suffer pain,
 And needless woes endure.

The air is full of wailings sad ;
 Church-yards are full of graves ;
 God, in mercy send relief,
 Give sympathy that saves.

Irradiate the rulers' hearts—
 Those that enact the laws—
 That they may quickly legislate,
 And advocate this cause.

For let the children grow up strong,
 And let them happy be,
 Then every one will have their rights
 In the community.

IF I WERE A FAIRY.

WERE I a fairy,
 I know where I'd go,
 I'd hie to the Yorkshire heather ;
 I'd dance all night
 In the pale moonlight,
 Then hide in the Yorkshire heather.

If I were a bee,
 I know where I'd go,
 I'd fly to the Yorkshire heather ;
 I'd make honey new,
 By sipping the dew,
 Of the charming Yorkshire heather.

If I were a lark,
 In quest of a nest,
 I'd nestle in the Yorkshire heather ;
 I'd carol and sing,
 Happy on the wing,
 Inspired by the Yorkshire heather.

Were I a butterfly,
 Airy, light, and bright,
 I'd haste to the Yorkshire heather ;
 I'd spend sunny hours,
 'Mid the fragrant flowers,
 Of the purple Yorkshire heather.

If I were a lamb,
 I'd play all day
 On the moors in the Yorkshire heather ;
 And when it came night,
 With greatest delight,
 I'd lie on the velvet Yorkshire heather.

O the Yorkshire heather !
 The charming Yorkshire heather !
 Where the breezes blow,
 With life aglow,
 On the moors mid the Yorkshire heather.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

TO THE MEMORY OF LITTLE MARY.

A LADY showed me a lock of hair,
 It was soft as silk and bright as gold :
 I have never seen a lock more fair
 On the head of child or matron old.

Were those delicate wavelets of gold
 Transferred from heaven's-clime to earth,
 In exchange for some, as we are told,
 That were really of mortal birth ?

The sweet locks of Berenice so fair,
 That are clustered on a starry night,
 With the constellations that are rare,
 That twinkle with a soft mellow light.

They were charming, as if they had been,
 Growing on the head of one sainted,
 And belonged to an angel I'd seen,
 One that Fra Angelico had painted.

There was sparkling in each tiny thread,
 As the lock was held up to the light ;
 With lip quivering and pale, she said,
 " Mary's hair was a glorious sight.

" Little Mary, with her fair blue eyes,
 And lovely hair floating round her head,
 Looked just like an angel from the skies ;
 But, alas ! my dear darling is dead ! "

What a terrible word 'tis to say—
 To refer to that last, wakeless sleep—
 For, cherish whatever faith we may,
 When the heart is broken, one must weep.

Discord in the music of a life,
 Produced when a harp-string is broken,
 Jars on the mind, like hot words of strife,
 Or anger in the face, not spoken.

Though there are many bright stars above,
 The lost Pleiad in the group is missed,
 When its fair sisters come out in love,
 Their faces by the evening-air kissed.

In the fearful mystery of life,
 A mother bereft of a loved child,
 Passes days with deep agony rife,
 And never can feel quite reconciled.

When my heart in sympathy has bled,
 I have longed the power to possess,
 To comfort those mourning for the dead,
 Especially the one with that tress.

But if ever to heaven I go,
 As often I have done in my dreams,
 Little golden-haired Mary I'll know,
 For of her I have had such bright gleams.

In the Saviour's kind arms I shall find
 The priceless jewel of mortal birth,
 For in his tiara He will bind
 That treasure he has gleaned from the earth.

HILDA'S PRAYER.

“**A**VE Maria,” hear my prayer—
 Thou who art pure and undefiled—
 Maiden spotless ! with brow so fair,
 List to the pleadings of thy child !

Conflicting feelings fill my heart ;
 ’Tis difficult for me to choose ;
 Yet I would seek the better part—
 The gem of salvation not lose.

I cannot quite renounce the joys—
 The vain and pleasant joys of earth ;
 The cup of bliss has its alloys
 When drunk by those of mortal birth.

Impress me, Sainted Mother, dear—
 Give comfort to my trembling soul ;
 Sustain me, so I may not fear
 Lest vain desires will get control.

All earthly pleasures seem most fair
 And sweet before they are tasted ;
 But I would seek a life of prayer
 Ere my youthful days are wasted.

“Ave Maria,” hear my prayer—
 Thou who art pure and undefiled—
 Maiden spotless ! with brow so fair,
 List to the pleadings of thy child !

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S EPITAPH.

During the wars of the Commonwealth, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., was a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle. She was alone and separated from all her companions, and very sorrowful till she died. One day she was found dead, with her head lying on the Bible, open at the page on which were the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She was buried in St. Thomas's Church, Newport, Isle of Wight. A beautiful marble monument has been erected by Queen Victoria, which consists of a female, with her head reclining on a marble book, with the beautiful text referred to above, engraved on the marble book.

THERE lay dying, in a castle,
 A Princess, fair and good ;
 She had heritage quite noble—
 Veins tinged with royal blood.

The clouds of her happy childhood,
 So bright and amber-hued,
 Seemed about to flood with glory,
 As sky, with gold imbued,

Her youth, to make it radiant,
 And free from ev'ry care ;
 Bright as a summer's day in June,
 When flowers perfume the air.

But as on a summer's morning,
 Dark clouds sometimes arise,
 And chase away the heavenly blue
 Of the Cerulean skies,

So dark clouds dimmed the Princess' youth.

Her father*—a proud king—
In ignomy closed his days,
When all her joys took wing.

Sometimes a cord may seem all gold,
Yet many silken strands
Are by the skilful weaver twined,
To make the golden bands.

The fairest side is turned without—
The only one we see—
Unless the wear and tear of life
Discloseth what may be,

Concealed from ordinary eyes,
From ordinary gaze—
Concealed as tinsel of the court
Wraps kings in mystic haze.

In ages past, kings oft have trod
A very thorny road ;
Such was the path of Charles the First—
In fear he long abode.

There's stranger things in human lives
Than novel-writers tell ;
The woof and warp we rarely see,
Or understand them well.

* Charles the First.

Sad, weary, in a cell alone,
 Charles' youthful daughter stayed ;
 For all companions were refused
 To this young royal maid.

She could not eat the homely fare,
 Nor in that prison sleep ;
 Bereft of all that makes life dear,
 This Princess could but weep.

Imprisoned for no deed of hers,
 Spotless and free from guilt,
 She suffered for her father's crimes,
 For which his blood was spilt.

The life-blood of that maiden fair
 Gradually congealed ;
 Her heart was broken, and no more
 On earth could it be healed.

None cared when she was languishing,
 None pitied her sad woe ;
 Neglected even when dying,
 Alike by friend and foe.

At length she rested in deep sleep—
 The wakeless sleep of death—
 Sleep the death-angel brought to her,
 For which he claimed her breath.

She was lying in the morning
 In the cold cell quite dead ;
 On the Book of Books reclining
 Was her young, gentle head.

The open page disclosed to all
 Those blessed words of truth—
 Precious words which must have solaced
 The sorrows of her youth.

“Come to me all ye who labor,”—
 All ye who need sweet rest ;
 Ye weary-laden, saddened ones,
 And ye shall soon be blest.

They laid her in St. Thomas' Church,
 In the Queen's favorite Isle* ;
 That blooming garden of the south,
 Regal with Nature's smile.

Long years since then have rolled away,
 Past deeds have been forgiven ;
 The daughter of a slaughtered king
 Could even now be shriven.

A monument in Newport Church,
 In marble can be seen ;
 'Tis the figure of that Princess,
 Put there by England's Queen.

Her head lies on an open book,
 Engraved with words so sage—
 The sacred words that solaced her,
 Are on its marble page.

This tribute of a gracious Queen,
 The touching tale records ;
 Those who visit St. Thomas's Church
 Can read the marble words.

* Isle of Wight, called the Garden of England.

THE ROMAN COLOSEUM.

Thy grand, colossal ruins* loom in sight,
 Haunting one wheresoe'er his footsteps tend ;
 Whether by day or by the pale moonlight
 He wanders, this old monument will blend
 With every Roman scene ; its walls will lend
 Their aid to link the present with the past ;
 But as unconsciously our thoughts we send
 Back through the long, long years, we turn aghast,
 And with a thrill, rejoice they did not last.

We fancy we can hear the groans and wail
 Of Christian martyrs sacrificed and slain,
 Torn by wild beasts, whose fury none could quail,
 Merely to please a monarch† who was vain :
 So filled with passion, he did not disdain
 To satiate his pleasure in their pain ;—
 One, who his higher nature ne'er obeyed,
 Whose moral attributes were in the shade.

Thou hast been regal in thy palmy days !
 Varied thy architecture,‡ chaste and grand ;
 Hast furnished subject for the poet's lays,
 And been the pride of all the Roman land.

* The Colosseum, begun by Vespasian, A.D. 72, was capable of holding 87,000 people. It was dedicated by Titus, A.D. 80, when 5,000 beasts were sacrificed in the arena, and the games lasted 100 days.

† In the reign of Trajan, St. Ignatius was brought from Antioch to be devoured by the wild beasts in the arena ; and many Christian martyrs were sacrificed during the persecution of the Christians.

‡ There are three stories of arches, and in each about 80 arches. The lowest is in the Doric architecture, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian ; and above the last an entablature with projecting consoles to support the poles for the awning over the top.

Hast bound the rulers by a common band
 To all the Roman people, high and low ;
 Yea, by a chain wrought by a bloody hand ;
 We fain are glad that it has broken so,
 Its power again, no people e'er will know.

Glorious art thou, in thy ruins now !—
 The birds sing merrily their pleasant song—
 They nestle in thy arches, as a bough,
 And many tinted flowers* spring up among
 Thy battlements. Their perfume all day long
 Rises as incense to the Roman skies,
 Which flood with purest azure light, the throng
 Of broken columns—cornices that rise
 Like giants of the past—in grim disguise.

A broken column tells a mournful tale,
 When it is resting on a young man's grave ;
 In spite of all our faith, we do bewail
 That efforts have been made in vain to save
 A man, perhaps the bravest of the brave.
 There is a language in thy ruined walls—
 Thy arches, battlements, and architrave—
 That deeds will ne'er again within thy halls
 Be done, to think of which, the mind appals.

Thou dost proclaim, in a deep-sounding voice,
 That never will a haughty monarch's yoke
 Again oppress a nation. We rejoice
 That public sentiment that power has broke—

* Dr. Deaken, an English physician, has found 420 different species of flowers growing about the walls and arches.

No tyrant now the people dare provoke ;
 For 'tis an age, the pulses of which throb
 With mighty aims. No monarch now can cloak
 His tyranny in outward guise, or rob
 A nation of its manhood, on the globe.

Then, noble art thou, in thy ruins ; type
 Of crippled power that ne'er again will rise ;
 Thy early grandeur was its archetype,
 Thy num'rous arches towering to the skies,
 Were perfect in the days of sacrifice ;
 But now I read upon each broken stone,
 This epitaph : that none dare solemnize
 In thy arena, heathen rites ; to atone
 For the dark past, the cross* stands out, moss-grown !

* There is a cross erected now in the centre of the arena, and service is performed in one of the small chapels near it.





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